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THE KING'S ABDICATION

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE KING'S ABDICATION

THE Empire has escaped an "undesirable" Queen at the cost of losing a popular King. When the announcement of the King's abdication was made on Thursday afternoon, it was received with mixed feelings. There was very general regret at the King's decision; there was also relief that a trying period of conflicting rumours and "crisis" tension was over. There was satisfaction that no Constitutional conflict between King and Parliament had arisen; that the King had by his own act discountenanced the misguided efforts of those who had been inclined to mobilise an anti-democratic King's Party; that the country had been spared the disturbance of an election fought on what would have been an intolerably confused issue. There was also genuine sorrow that the nation had lost a monarch whose popularity was based much less than is usually the case on propaganda. Many people felt that he had brought a new and modern note into the Monarchy, and they regret its loss. But in the long run all our democratic institutions, including the Monarchy itself, may be safer for the change. England has played for safety first.

The Duke of York, a respectable but hitherto unimpressive figure, takes up the burden of an invidious position. Lacking King Edward's popular gifts, he might be pardoned if he had felt that comparisons would be so odious that the Crown would be a thankless reversion. Indeed, there is reason to believe that at his desire consideration was given to a proposal that the succession should pass direct to Princess Elizabeth, and that until the child's majority there should be a Council of Regency presided over by Queen Mary. The plan appears to have been discarded because of the complications of the succession issues that would have arisen and because as long as the ex-King is alive, any arrangement which gave the appearance of a Crown "in chancery" would be unsettling to public opinion and might even foster the growth of a movement in favour of the King "over the water." We hope that we shall not now be subjected to an orgy of sentiment about the Monarchy. There is no reason to set about building up the new King as a popular idol, nor do we think he would wish it. There is every reason to hope that he will be a Constitutional and successful King, and that the public, if allowed, will be able to settle down to a more reasonable attitude to the Monarchy, after the manner of Scandinavians, who regard their King, as we ought to do as long as we retain monarchical institutions, with the respect due to his office as head of the State and the freely accepted link of the British Commonwealth.

The War in Spain

There has been a lull during the week on the main front in the Spanish war; Madrid has been immune from attack and has suffered only from occasional bombardments. But some of Hitler's 5,000 troops have already reached Madrid. A further force of 2,500 Italian Blackshirts has landed this week, escorted by a destroyer, and, according to reports from Paris, there are many thousands more to follow. When all these reinforcements are ready for the attack, Madrid will have to face an even sterner ordeal than the last. The British M.Ps have on their return reported to the Foreign Office on the plight of its civilian population and its wounded, who are said to number 25,000 men. Mr. Eden's suggestion is that one of the League's organisations should assist in the work of evacuation and afterwards of reconstruction. Meanwhile, the Government's air force, which seems now to be the better of the two, has been active in bombing the enemy's communications and aerodromes. There is no news of the spirited flank attack from the East, which had reached Talavera, but the offensive of the Basque army, reorganised by a brilliant German refugee general, prospers and has reached Vittoria in its march on Burgos. The Basques it should be remembered, though stout republicans, are decided Catholics with a somewhat conservative outlook. An article in Wednesday's *Times*, from a special correspondent who writes as a partisan of these "Nationalists" who rely on imported troops, confirmed our worst fears about the "ruthless extermination" (his words) of the Government's supporters, including Trade Unionists and the moderate Left. In Seville a "shooting party" was held, which members of the public were invited to attend.

The Farce of Neutrality

The Foreign Office now admits that it knows what the rest of us knew long ago, that the Italians with over 2,000 men of their own and a great air fleet, are in possession of Majorca. This occupation will not end, if ever it does end, without some heavy *quid pro quo* from the British Empire. Thereafter, the Germans will have to be bought out of the Canaries, or left there to cut the Atlantic sea-road. Against this background of fact one must set the futilities of Lord Plymouth's Neutrality Committee. The plan for sending neutral observers to the Spanish ports and frontiers has now come before its full session. It was flatly rejected by Germany, Italy and Portugal. It contains no provisions for the control of the air, nor is it obvious how the observers could impound detected arms, even if the belligerents and their backers accepted it. The Russians are supporting a further plan for the prohibition of volunteers, provided it be accepted all round. That is highly improbable, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Eden will now try to make volunteering from this country illegal and to force parallel action upon the French. The issue of democracy against Fascism is being fought out, not for Spain only, but for Europe on the Spanish battleground. Four thousand French volunteers are in the field and a few hundred Englishmen. If Mr. Eden is allowed to follow his usual course of one-sided action, while the Dictators persist in theirs, those gallant men will have risked their lives in vain.

The Front Populaire

M. Blum, in spite of the abstention of the Communists on the Spanish issue in the foreign policy vote, has decided to carry on, and the Front Populaire has survived this trial. It is plain that the Communists do not mean to smash it. Not the least interesting feature of the debate was the frank declaration of M. de Kerillis, commonly regarded as the typical exponent of anti-republican and Fascist opinion, that France, if war should come, could always rely on the Right. It was in part M. Blum's doubt of the loyalty of the Right that led him into the policy of neutrality. The Left will continue to support him because it is proud of his swift achievements in domestic policy, but the uneasiness over Spain is felt apparently by the main body of the working class. M. Jouhaux, a typical moderate, in his efforts to keep the C.G.T. solid, after the Communist demonstration in the Chamber said that he was in favour of the strict fulfilment of the commercial treaties into which France had entered. This touched the weakest spot of the case for neutrality, since France had with Madrid a treaty of several years standing, providing expressly for the sale of arms.

At Buenos Aires

The Pan-American Conference at Buenos Aires spent several days in listening to orations by the lesser statesmen who followed Mr. Roosevelt. Dr. Lamas, of Argentina, struck two keynotes; he gave a warning against isolation, and wished to promote the increase of the population of the South. One group of measures on which sub-committees are engaged seems relatively uncontentious—the codification of the various general treaties for the peaceful settlement of disputes. It seems unlikely, however, that any progress can be made with disarmament in this Continent. Two more ambitious projects encounter much opposition. Brazil's grandiose scheme for the promotion by lowered tariffs and improved communications of preferential trading within the American Continent asks too many sacrifices from the United States, and at the same time consolidates her commercial ascendancy. On the other hand, the plan of Washington for an impartial embargo on loans and exports of arms to American belligerents conflicts with obligations to the League. There is an "escape clause" that partly meets this objection, but it has failed to satisfy Argentina.

An Important Trial

The trial of the Jew, David Frankfurter, this week at Chur for the murder last February of Gastloff, the Nazi leader in Switzerland, raises a number of moral, juridical and political issues. As Emil Ludwig, in the book he has just published (*Der Mord in Davos*), points out, Frankfurter's action was exactly analogous to that of Teilirian, of Conradi and of Schwarzbad, who were all three acquitted. Teilirian was an Armenian student whose family had been murdered by the Turks and who shot Talaat Pasha in Berlin in 1921. Conradi, a White Russian, shot the Soviet representative, Vorovski, at Lausanne in 1923. Schwarzbad was a Russian Jew, who, in Paris in 1926, murdered Petliura, responsible for the terrible pogroms in the Ukraine in 1919. Hitler, delivering a funeral oration over the body of Gastloff, announced to an astonished world that National Socialism had murdered not a single opponent. Apart from the grotesque absurdity of this assertion, which a hundred facts contradict, everyone knows that the Jews in Germany are being subjected to a process of painful extermination, not murder but slow death. It seems clear that Frankfurter, a youth of blameless character and delicate health, acted alone and without instigation, but the German press has of course been at pains to announce that his crime was part of a grand Jewish conspiracy against the Nordic saviours of society. Frankfurter is being defended by the well-known Swiss barrister, Dr. Curti, but the Swiss authorities have given way to German pressure in allowing Professor Grimm of Essen to plead for Frau Gastloff.

Special Areas

The Government, fighting its rearguard action to the last on the question of the Special Areas, has had to content itself with Lord Wolmer's amendment prolonging the existing Act until the end of May, 1937. This means that the Government, much against its will, is now definitely pledged to fresh legislation during the early part of next year. But it is still wholly uncertain what form the forthcoming Bill is to take. It seems likely, in view of the strong pressure from Lancashire and certain other districts which are excluded from the present Act, that the scope will be widened so as to bring in other areas which can make out a case. Something must be done; for the Tory revolt was too formidable to be ignored. But probably Mr. Runciman and his colleagues are still hoping that, as the memory of the hunger marchers fades, the revolting Tories will become less pressing, and will consent to be put off with another paper scheme not very different from the last. What the Government still flatly refuses to see is that the problem cannot be dealt with except by a thorough reorganisation and replanning of the great depressed industries—coal and cotton.

National Roads

The Trunk Roads Bill, which is to transfer from the local authorities to the Ministry of Transport the full responsibility for about 4,500 miles of main road in Great Britain, has now obtained its second reading in the Lords and should become law at no distant date. Although seriously weakened by the exclusion from its scope of all sections of trunk roads falling within the boundaries of county boroughs, the measure is a big step in the right direction. If anyone doubts the need for centralisation of control over trunk roads, let him drive from London to Carlisle, Holyhead or Fishguard—main routes embracing almost every variety of safe and dangerous width and type of surface. Room for urgent improvements exists far beyond the £18,000,000 programme of works already approved or submitted; and Mr. Hore-Belisha's recent outline of the future standard for trunk roads suggests that he is alive to the needs of road traffic, even if it be true that the Government's new-found enthusiasm for main roads is motivated by considerations of war-strategy. It is not enough, however, for the Minister of Transport to concentrate simply on the creation of faster through roads. There is the vital concurrent need of greater safety. And though dual tracks, better visibility at road junctions, more by-passes round congested areas, and uniformity of non-skid surfaces will all help to render accidents less justifiable, safety will never be secured until the average standard of driving is measurably improved.

Cattle, Pigs and Wheat

Hard upon the new Argentine meat agreement came the plans for setting up an Empire and parallel international committee to deal with the question of meat imports under the new tariff *plus* quota system. Then came the plans for the new subsidy to the British livestock industry, and for the reorganisation of the present arrangements for the marketing and slaughtering of home-produced cattle. The Food Council next weighed in with the report on the working of the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes; and finally plans were adumbrated for the establishment of a new Import Board to deal with the purchase of wheat abroad and its storage in this country with a view to the possible emergency of war. These are all matters of high importance to the consuming public. The new meat arrangements are both expensive to the taxpayers and likely to raise prices to the consumers. The Food Council's report on the bacon problem is mainly a congratulatory document, full of praise for the steadying of prices and improvement of home quality under the scheme. It will bring little comfort to those who complain that one effect of restrictions has been to make good quality bacon dearer than ever, and that the entire scheme ought to be placed under the final control of disinterested persons. As for the wheat storage scheme, it should be received with joy in the Dominions, as it promises to transfer the burden of storage to the British consumer.

Employment and Simpsonitis

Delayed decision about the King's marriage has had an immediate effect on trade and employment. The latest return of unemployment which related to November 23rd, allowing for seasonal influences, makes a comparatively satisfactory showing. The total, at 1,624,000, was up by nearly 12,000; but 9,000 out of the increased numbers were represented by agricultural workers brought into the scheme at the beginning of last month. Thus the real deterioration was less than 3,000. The only serious increase in unemployment is in the building industry (18,500) and this is largely a seasonal fluctuation, though it may reflect in part the fact that the "speculative" building boom has almost certainly passed its peak. The staple industries—coal, engineering, cotton and wool—all record further improvement. Unhappily, however, for Mr. Ernest Brown's equanimity, the next return, if the crisis had persisted, seemed likely to be far less favourable. Not merely have fears that the Coronation may not be held led directly to suspension of work in Lancashire and Staffordshire on flags, "patriotic" china and so forth; the atmosphere of crisis has had an astonishingly paralysing effect on consumers' demands in all directions. Just as in 1931, when the pound went off gold, the British public confounded the economists by making fewer instead of more purchases of retail goods, so this week, with equal illogicality, people have been spending less in the shops all over the country. It may be doubted whether this psychological change is likely to arrest the course of our present "near-boom"—based predominantly, as it is, on re-armament. But the fact remains that a week of Mrs. Simpson has temporarily cost something like 50,000 people their livelihood.

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THE KING'S DECISION

Things had reached such a pass that the lesser evil was the King's abdication. But there is still a great deal of misunderstanding about how things ever reached this pass, and the best service we can do is frankly to discuss certain facts that have not been made plain to the public.

It is altogether unfair to the King to pretend, as the *Times* pretends, that the King had himself shown that he realised Mrs. Simpson's unsuitability by suggesting that she should be married to him without being Queen of England. For the question of his intention to make Mrs. Simpson Queen had been fully discussed with Mr. Baldwin in private before the morganatic solution was suggested. It was only because Mr. Baldwin had intimated that the Government would resign if Mrs. Simpson was to become Queen of England that the King advanced the morganatic solution as a second best. The simple truth is that the King is a lonely, highly-strung person who had found for the first time in his life a woman who gave him confidence and happiness. It seemed to us, and still seems to us, that it would have been better to have allowed him to marry her morganatically than to have made marriage impossible without abdication. Only one of the arguments passionately urged against this solution seems to us valid. If it is true that the Dominions would have refused to pass the necessary legislation, that was of course a good reason for refusing it. But the attitude of the Dominions obviously depended very much on the way in which the suggestion was made to them, and we do not doubt that some of the Dominions which were most opposed to the marriage would have accepted Mrs. Simpson either as Queen or as the King's wife if the proposal had been preceded by the necessary governmental and press preparation. We urged this solution before Mr. Baldwin's statement last week, because it was clearly the only solution compatible both with the King's happiness and his remaining on the throne.

This, however, is now past history. Mr. Baldwin held that it was better for the King to abdicate than to have Mrs. Simpson as Queen or even as the King's wife. He had the right to make this decision and we have the right to criticise it. What neither we nor anyone else had the right to do was to attempt to rally political support for the Crown against his Ministers. Nothing but disaster could have followed the formation of a King's Party and a battle between some group of "King's friends" and the majority of the House of Commons. Once Mr. Baldwin had made it clear that the Government would not support a morganatic marriage, only the enemies of democracy would have urged that the King was still free to make a personal appeal to the country over the heads of his Ministers, and it was significant that it was at this stage that Lord Rothermere, in one of his various and contradictory epistles to himself, decided to support it. Lord Rothermere, like Sir Oswald Mosley, would no doubt have been a willing cavalier in a battle between King and Parliament. For ourselves, we dislike much of the unctuous humbug that has been advanced against the King's marriage. But if it had come to a battle between Cavaliers and Roundheads, we should have been Roundheads all the time, even though being a Roundhead once again meant being a Puritan.

But Cromwell did his work well; and Puritanism and Parliamentarism still remain dominant in England. The House of Commons and the country, as far as we can judge of it, had nothing but contempt for those who tried to make personal or party capital out of the King. The Labour Party had too much sense to fall into the trap of trying to come out as "King's men." The King showed no disposition to lend himself to intrigue, and the danger of the formation of a Royal Fascist Party, which seemed serious at the week-end, is now over—unless there are any of our Fascists who look forward to intriguing against democracy at a new court of St. Germain.

There is one other important factor which may temper the regret that we feel that the King should have abdicated on such an issue. Much has been made of his carelessness of scandal and of the damage caused by the gossip that has flooded the American press almost from the day of his accession, which followed him everywhere on his Adriatic holiday and which reached its climax at the Ipswich divorce. More important in the long run, however, was the doubt felt by many informed persons about whether the King would desire fully to carry out his duties as sovereign. He had expressed this doubt himself before he became King, and he too obviously continued to hate many of the ceremonial and routine functions of royalty after his accession. Every sensitive person will sympathise with this dislike and, as we said last week, the most attractive part of the King's character is his loathing of humbug. But then the functions of royalty are largely ceremonial, and it may be that a tolerance of humbug is an essential characteristic of the holder of any great ceremonial office. In any case, until we have a Republic the man who sits on the throne of England must be prepared for a monotonous and exacting job, and if he is not prepared for all the necessary discipline for fulfilling his decorous functions it is better for him not to be King. Edward VIII, moreover, disliked the old type of royal adviser; no doubt many of those whom he was expected to spend his time with were dull and "stuffy" people. But they were also responsible people, and it is an open secret that much of the society that has surrounded King Edward has been irresponsible and politically, as well as morally, undesirable. If the facts were known the British public would have far less objection to Mrs. Simpson than to some of the other influences that have played their part in the King's entourage.

The King's abdication is an unhappy solution of an unhappy situation. In the circumstances it is nevertheless the best solution. Since he is not allowed to marry the woman of his choice and remain on the throne he is better off it, both for his own sake and the country's. We see only one actually good result out of this lamentable affair. The British Monarchy had been built up by deliberate propaganda to a dangerous eminence, dangerous, as everyone now sees, for the King as for the country. A few weeks ago it was considered bold to recall that the King was a man who might have faults like other people. To-day it has become possible once again to talk sense about Monarchy. We welcome this return to sanity. So clearly does it mean a return to sanity that we may even venture to recall that though it matters who is King of England and who is Queen of England, it matters rather more that war is now raging in Europe.

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN King George died I remember remarking upon the curiously personal nature of the emotions aroused. People felt that they had lost a member of the family. In London to-day I notice exactly the same family psychology. Their reactions about the King are just those that one would expect if a close relative had behaved in an improper way that caused everybody trouble. Everyone is unhappy; some are angry, some shake their heads and say " poor boy "; a few are his eager champions. Conservatives are nearly always the fiercest. The King, they feel, has let them down and the Monarchy. I have heard ardent Imperialists make remarks about him this week for which I should certainly have been lynched a fortnight ago. I was amused by one fox-hunting squire who was in the process of divorcing his wife and whose comment was that the King was " no gentleman." Then how astonishing it is to read in a leader in the *Times* that " the question of the marriage . . . was raised by the King himself . . ." and then that this morganatic marriage was a " foolish and deplorable project of misguided ingenuity "!

* * *

The poor in London at least are more tolerant. I have asked bus conductors, charwomen and working men and nearly always got the same response. The first thing they say is that, after all, he ought to be able to marry whom he likes. A friend whose work brings her into contact with a large number of working-class people in London every week tells me that they all say much the same thing, that the phrase that sums up their position is, " he is a naughty boy, but we don't want to lose him." They quite like the Duke and Duchess of York, but don't want them as King and Queen. One woman's comment was : " Of course, he had better marry her. It is no use living alongside of someone you don't like. You only want to do them in." On Thursday morning when it was said that the King was to abdicate one heard nothing among poor people but sorrow. The King was as popular with the working class as he has become unpopular with the well-to-do.

* * *

This tolerant attitude is, if reports are true, almost confined to London. There is no doubt that one of the most important influences which affected the House of Commons over the week-end was the flood of evidence which reached M.P.s from their constituencies, showing that amongst the rank and file of all parties in the provinces the feeling against this marriage was overwhelmingly strong. This change in the attitude of the House of Commons has not been sufficiently appreciated. At the beginning Members were stunned. The pretended secret was public property, but the Government said nothing. An experienced lobby correspondent, whose business it is to ascertain the views of Members, estimates that about two-thirds of the House were behind the Government from the outset, while the remaining third was made up in almost equal proportions of the undecided and the very decided, that is to say, of the Members who thought that there was no difficulty about the marriage and those who didn't like it, but were not prepared to risk either abdication or a conflict with the King over it. The minority, scattered over all parts of the House, seemed likely to rally behind Colonel Wedgwood's pro-marriage resolution. This motion appealed to those Members, mostly of the Left, who hated the idea of an ecclesiastical veto on the marriage, and it appealed also to those members, chiefly Conservatives, who were for the King anyway, if necessary with Mrs. Simpson, and who may, some of them, have entertained the idea that this might be a good chance of getting Churchill in and Baldwin out. My lobby friend's view is that for about forty-eight hours there was a real danger of a deadly division of Parliament and the growth of a King's party; this danger reached its height on Friday when Mr. Baldwin somewhat brusquely announced that the Cabinet would have nothing to do with a morganatic marriage. The minority then surged out of the Chamber threatening war, real war, on Baldwin. By Monday all this had changed. Practically the whole House was behind Mr. Baldwin, and when Mr. Churchill again asked his delaying question, he was practically shouted down.

* * *

I think there were two reasons for this change. The first I have already mentioned. The reports from the constituencies showed that support for the King's marriage was practically only vocal in London. Scotland was solidly against, South Wales Members reported that the King's popularity was almost gone and that audiences in the cinemas saw in cold silence the films of his recent visit to the valleys where they had all cheered themselves hoarse. Lancashire and Yorkshire Members said the counties were solid against the marriage and even indifferent whether the King abdicated or not. Similar reports came from all parts of the country. The second and perhaps more important reason for the change was the realisation over the week-end of the danger of the formation of a King's party. Mr. Churchill had visited the King on Friday when it was believed that he was about to abdicate and rumours said that his visit was responsible for the prolongation of the crisis. Everyone was against delay, some people fearing that Hitler, who for the first time for many months, had stayed in Berlin over the week-end to watch events would think the moment good for adventure as the Germans did in 1914 when England was involved in the Ulster crisis. Then there were strong trade reasons against delay and the impossible thought of a general election fought on so confused and damaging an issue. Moreover, Mr. Churchill was unlucky enough to receive the support over the week-end of Lord Rothermere and Sir Oswald Mosley, not to mention the fact that the Communists were also keen to cash in on the King. Mr. Churchill himself was obviously quite ignorant of the change that had taken place between Monday and Friday and was startled by the almost ferocious resentment when he rose to put his question. An intimate friend of Mr. Churchill's, who has spent some time with him during the last few days, tells me that when all is known he will be found to have played no intriguer's part, but only to have endeavoured to reconcile friendship for the King with loyalty to Parliament. His advice to the King, my informant says (and he has been advising the King for many weeks past), will be found to have been impeccable from every constitutional point of view. I expect this is quite true. But I also think that Mr. Churchill's growing reputation has been damaged; that if he held an Albert Hall meeting now Sir Walter Citrine would hesitate to take the chair for him and that people who were rallying round him are beginning to mutter again about his notorious " lack of judgment."

* * *

One other factor that has not been talked about in the press and which is, I believe, very important, is the gradual realisation that there is more behind the Cabinet's case than Mr. Baldwin had been willing to state. I found a strong feeling in the House of Commons early in the week that, in any case, the King had become surrounded by an undesirable set of people and that if he could not find his happiness without them, it would be better for him to abdicate. Looking at the matter as a personal tragedy rather than as a constitutional issue, there can be no question that the King's position had become, to apply Mrs. Simpson's words, " unhappy and untenable." After the nine days of Hollywood publicity it was difficult to see how he could remain King with dignity or work with his Ministers, and if it is true, that his personal happiness depends on Mrs. Simpson, it is difficult to believe that his reign could be satisfactory from any point of view. On the other hand, the position of a monarch who has abdicated is most unenviable. It was often said when King Edward was Prince of Wales that he did not wish to become King. But it is one thing not to wish to wear a crown and another thing to give it up.

Mr. Duff Cooper constantly expresses his annoyance at the reluctance of his fellow-countrymen to join up in the Army. His hints that conscription will follow soon grow more frequent. I now hear on excellent authority that the finishing touches are being put to a Conscription Bill which covers all the male population, divides us all into age groups and assigns us our particular spheres of death. I do not know when it is proposed to introduce this Bill. At the next big scare, I suppose.

* * *

I have in front of me a copy of a German paper called *Geo-Politik*. It is dated September 9th, 1936. The first feature of the paper is a translation into the German of an article by Sir Oswald Mosley. It advocates that Mandated territories should be handed back to Germany " since they are only a burden and a source of expense for England." For Germany they would be an *Entlassungs-Gebiet* and an opportunity for colonial activity. Therefore they should be returned.

> We do not want to expand European Fascism at the expense of Russia, but it would be better if the Caucasus belonged to Italy and not to the Soviet Government and if the immense mineral wealth were free for the rest of Europe to use . . .
>
> Also the Ukraine through the mutual action of Germany and Poland should be opened to the rest of Europe, and the Baltic provinces—the cradle of the German race, according to the laws of nature and justice should be under German and not Russian influence . . . We have no aggressive feelings towards Russia. . . .

The suggestion that Germany and Poland should jointly " colonise " the Ukraine (which has already been developed by the U.S.S.R. more rapidly than any territory has ever been developed before in history) is common form among Fascists. But it is interesting to notice that a strongly imperialist policy is compatible with the advocacy in Germany of returning the British Mandates to Germany. On conditions, there is, in my view, a lot to be said for this proposal ; but what do our Imperialists think about their Fascist supporters ?

* * *

Friends recently back from France tell me that they found a lot of scaffolding and wire netting round the windows of Chartres Cathedral and a remarkable notice stuck up inside. The notice pointed out that Chartres was one of the most beautiful of medieval cathedrals, and that its glorious windows would be smashed by the explosion of a bomb in the vicinity. It urged visitors to contribute to the cost of the mechanism that had been devised for moving the entire windows into safety at a minute's notice. My friends also noticed that, within a mile or so, in the plain within sight of the Cathedral is a large new military aerodrome.

* * *

In a corridor of the House of Commons the other night I heard a great booming sound, recognisable at once as the voice of the Minister of Labour. It is related that not long ago Mr. Baldwin was disturbed by a terrific row in the lobby and sent to inquire what it was. He was informed that Mr. Ernest Brown was speaking to some Scottish constituents. " Ask him," Mr. Baldwin said, " if he would be good enough to do it by the telephone."

* * *

I agree with Mr. Pyke that newspapers ought to arrange for a scientific analysis of the floods of letters they have been receiving over the crisis. How many people, for instance, really thought that it was important that Mrs. Simpson's former husbands are " still living " ?

* * *

While some talk of malnutrition and notice that the unemployed are not even fit for soldiering, others, knowing that to feed people better means higher wages, concentrate on physical exercises as a means of obtaining a " Fitter Britain." The *Daily Telegraph* published a supplement on this subject last Monday ; one of the pictures, illustrating the ways of keeping fit, showed ladies and gentlemen riding in the Row. Little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed : she knew that the unemployed take taxis when they go to the Labour Exchange. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Frank Moody.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. A. E. Lawton, former Derbyshire cricket captain, writes to the Editor of the *Sunday Dispatch :*

Sir,—In times of crises the vast majority of folks turn for comfort and enlightenment to one of the following—Religion—Music—Poetry. Discarding the former two, may we not turn to poetry for much needed guidance ? Have you thought of approaching the Poet Laureate ? It seems to me that if inspiration came to him he could produce six or eight lines which would result in presenting to all concerned the real picture in its proper focus, with the proper settlement resulting.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Her family claim connection with a Norman house that came over with the Conqueror, but her mother at one time kept a Baltimore lodging house.—*South Wales Echo.*

Isn't it very dreadful that Edward VIII, son of our beloved King George, should bring Hollywood ideals to Britain ? Surely he could have found some sweet British girl.—Letter in the *Daily Express.*

May I suggest that if we are to believe the teachings of our Church, the All Highest did not think it beneath His dignity to take unto Himself " a commoner " to wife, whereby giving us The Master—The King of Kings.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.*

This great cynosure institution, round which as their sole remaining formal centre the shining constellations of the British Commonwealth revolve, cannot itself be grounded on a peradventure.—*Sunday Times* Leader.

Mr. J. H. Thomas visited the Colonial Office to-day.

Asked the purpose of his visit, he replied : " Nothing, nothing."—*Evening Chronicle.*

The dismissal of Bradman has made all the difference to our week-end.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Presiding at a meeting of Bromley and Shortlands British Women's Total Abstinence Union, at Bromley Congregational Lecture Hall on Friday, Mrs. Docharty said it had been found that in the training of wild animals abstinence was all-important, as the animals knew if the trainer had had a drink, they felt, as we should express it, that he " was not all there."—*Bromley and Kentish Times.*

HAVE FLIES A SENSE OF MUSIC?

It would be interesting if any of your readers could give any information on this point. One sunny day last week, I was sitting by the open window, indolently listening to the wireless, which was playing light dance music, when I became aware of a dance being performed by a feathery little fly in the bright sunshine. Up and down, backwards and forwards, round and round, faster and slower, higher and lower, swinging and swaying the little dancer went, in perfect time, perfect rhythm, describing almost the movements of a conductor's baton, but always keeping approximately at a height of 4ft. from the ground. For about five minutes I watched this fascinating dance, wondering at the beauty of the movement the fly rising and falling with the music, higher and higher, lower, lower, slower, as the music fell and ceased the little dancer dropped to the ground, lost to my sight. Was this chance or sense ?—Letter in *Observer.*

Mr. Duff Cooper speaking, at Leeds, " of the serious problem of Army recruiting." " I am convinced that the solution of the problem lies in making the Army a safe career for the man who joins it."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Mayfair Dogs, Ltd., for the dog's Christmas gifts, squeaking mice to Paris collars and leads.—Advertisement in the *Times.*

Counsel asked : " Do you regard the telling of an improper story in the bar of a public-house as an incident so unusual as to require dealing with by those in authority ? "

Inspector Gavin.—Yes.—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE PUBLIC ORDER BILL NOW

ON Monday the Public Order Bill was read for a third time in the House of Commons. Some important amendments have been made. The clause by which "Things done or words written, spoken or published . . . by persons appearing to be members or adherents of an association" were to be made admissible as evidence against other members of the organisation has been drastically revised, and the only evidence that the clause now provides to be admitted against members are things done or words written or spoken by persons "taking part in the control and management of the association." Thus has perished the attempt to introduce into English law what amounted to the "police informer's *Magna Charta*."

In the main, however, the Bill still retains those features which aroused adverse comment when it was first introduced.

These are well summarised in a letter on another page from the National Council for Civil Liberties, in which they set out the objections which they have to the Bill. They disapprove on three grounds: first, that discretion should be given to chief officers of police to permit the wearing of political uniforms on certain occasions; secondly, that chief officers should have authority for the restricting and prohibiting of processions; and, thirdly, that the offence of "insulting words and behaviour" should be extended. This last point has been fully treated in this column. There can be no doubt that unless there is a considerable tightening of the interpretation of "insulting words and behaviour" the extension of the offence and the great increase in the penalty will produce substantial injustice.

The other two of the Council's objections raise further interesting questions.

It is clear that what the Bill in fact proposes to do is to confer on chief officers of police in certain circumstances judicial functions without compelling them in any way to deal with the question judicially.

Take, for example, the powers it is proposed to give to chief officers of police to prohibit any given procession on the ground that it might lead to disorder. This is, in fact, conferring a judicial function upon the chief officer, who has to determine before he can make an order under the section whether or not disorder is likely. His function here is very closely akin to that of a magistrate who might be called upon to bind over persons who were proposing to endanger the peace by organising a march through the streets. There is, however, this important difference. The magistrate must proceed judicially, the chief officer of police is under no such obligation. He need not hear the arguments of the organisers of the procession, or indeed of any other persons likely to be affected the one way or the other.

In the Bill, as it was originally drafted, it was provided that the chief officer of police is to act if he "is of opinion . . . that there is ground for apprehending that the procession may occasion serious disorder." In Committee, the clause was amended to run that he was so to act when "he has reasonable ground for apprehending" disorder.

This is a marked improvement. Under the clause in its original form there was no legal method possible of testing the chief officer's decision. As amended, the chief officer must at least make up his mind reasonably, and if he does not his order can be challenged in the courts. In fact, however, the practical difficulties of so doing are very great, and in any case the chief officer has merely to satisfy the court that his order was reasonable. He has not got to prove that it was either justified or correct. The court will only give assistance against him when it can be shown that no reasonable man would have come to the decision to which he came. It is not sufficient merely to convince the court that in the circumstances no order should have been made.

This lack of opportunity for judicial examination is more serious when the question is one of having processions prohibited over a period of time. In London the Home Secretary, and elsewhere local councils, can, on the recommendation of the chief officer of police, ban all processions for a maximum period of three months. Before making application the chief officer need not have "reasonable grounds" for fearing disorder. It is sufficient if he "is of opinion" that disorder is likely. There exists, therefore, no legal method by which he can be compelled to put before his local council or the Secretary of State an impartial statement giving the views of all parties.

However, in an application to a local elected body, there is more opportunity for public opinion to make itself felt. The real danger of the position is that local chief officers of police are not responsible to the Home Secretary, nor to Parliament, but only to local Watch Committees. This makes it impossible to discuss in Parliament the conduct of any chief officer other that the Commissioner at Scotland Yard.

In such circumstances it is hard to believe that local chief officers of police, responsible only to a Watch Committee and free from parliamentary comment, will always exercise judicially and impartially the political power entrusted to them by Parliament.

Speaking in the House of Commons on this point, Mr. Thurtle said:

> I suggest that the police are always unlikely to act in a way which is deliberately contrary to public feeling. They would not cause a procession to go from the normal route unless they felt that in so doing they were acting more or less in consonance with prevalent public opinion, and I also think that they would not prohibit demonstrations in particular areas unless they also felt that they were acting in accordance with the prevalent public opinion. If they did so and seemed to Members of this House to cause processions to go out of their way when they should not have done, or to prohibit demonstrations, then, surely, the democratic remedy would be for us in this House to challenge the Executive on that occasion and cause the police to mend their ways. If it be in the provinces, there are elected authorities where the same corrective action could be applied. The Watch Committees, on which there are public representatives, could certainly take action in regard to this matter.

The experience of those who, like the National Council for Civil Liberties, have had to deal with political matters where the police have unfettered discretion does not bear out this view, and it would indeed be unfortunate if liberal minded people in their anxiety to suppress Fascist brutalities handed unlimited powers to the police on the easy assumption that they would not be abused. BARRISTER

"POOR FRANCE!"

THE other day I attended a tea party in one of those *bien pensant* homes of Passy—stuffy, overheated, and with a musty smell coming out of the heavy plush curtains. The guests were old ladies in dreary clothes, and bearded gentlemen with legions of honour. Here were Professor Durand and M. Dupont, *de l'Institut*, and an old lady who had once written society news for the *Gaulois*, and la Comtesse de Pantin-Bicêtre. They spoke of anarchy and revolution, and that awful, awful Blum, and the horrible atrocities of the Reds in Spain. "And, *ma chère*, we shall see the same in France. Indeed, it has already started; last night, near the Trocadéro, a friend of mine got a terrible fright: she was accosted by an unemployed man, *un voyou*, who demanded—yes, *demanded!*—a franc from her And the police, who are in the hands of the Communists, would do nothing to stop it! Poor France! Poor France! *Ces petits fours sont délicieux.*"

These people live in a closed-in world of their own, surrounded by imaginary terrors. They go on eating their *petits fours* as before; but the unemployed man who asks them for a franc is the forerunner for the Cheka executioner. I found this helpless defeatism among the papas and mammas of Colonel de la Rocque's young men rather exhilarating. It means, in effect, that the Government need not expect real opposition from the Right, who are doing no more than raise their arms to heaven. No doubt, these old ladies would be delighted to hear that all the French "Reds" had been massacred overnight, just as M. Tixier Vignancourt, a Fascist deputy, expressed the pious hope that any French volunteers in Spain would all be bumped off; but such plans do not go beyond day-dreaming. One of the most remarkable things in recent parliamentary debates on fiscal reform, compulsory arbitration, and even the press Bill, has been the total absence of any constructive criticism from the Right. They grumble; they say "Poor France!" and let the Government do what it likes.

The Blum Government has now been in office for over six months, and the prophets, after foretelling its fall in October, November, and December, have now, until further notice, postponed the date of its fall to February. It is actually a much stronger Government than it looks; and, internally, it has managed its affairs remarkably well. Its labour legislation—collective contracts, holidays with pay, shorter hours, and compulsory arbitration—has created new working conditions in France, which, in many respects, are well ahead of conditions in England, and has created greater well-being and greater security among the working class, and (in spite of the old ladies of the *quartier du Trocadéro*) more satisfactory relations between employers and employed. The Office du Blé—the State Wheat Marketing Board—though not yet working with equal efficiency everywhere, has brought economic stability into the French countryside. Although the peasants grumble that 142 francs a quintal that the Office pays them is "not quite enough," they remember that eighteen months ago, when there was no Office, they sold their wheat at 60 francs to the local profiteer. The nationalisation of war industries—an important moral issue in the General Election—has not yet been universally applied, but its application to aeroplanes has shown that the nationalisation of such an industry not only answers a moral purpose, but tends to place a hitherto disorganised and chaotic industry on an efficient and rational footing, which is of the greatest importance from the point of view of national defence.

As I write, the discussion of the press Bill is still in progress at the Chamber. The Bill was drafted rather on the spur of the moment, under the impression of Salengro's suicide. The manner in which poor Salengro was hounded to death by *Gringoire* and other reactionary papers was truly horrible; and if the press law can put an end to such foul campaigns, it will be all to the good. The campaign against Salengro—a campaign organised by the Chiappe gang (and "gang" is the only possible word)—had the same purpose as the earlier campaigns of *Gringoire*, *Candide*, the *Jour* and the *Action Française*—which was to strike at parliamentary government by discrediting its representatives. Why criticise the policy of a Government when it is much more impressive to say that M. Chautemps is a murderer, M. Herriot a patron of Soviet spies, and Salengro, the Minister of the Interior, a deserter? There is always a gullible public for such articles. The fact that a large number of people in France firmly believe that the man is a murderer or a deserter, is, needless to say, a matter of terrible distress to the men attacked. For over a year Chautemps, for fear of being lynched, was unable to go to a theatre or a cinema; and Pressard, his brother-in-law and "fellow murderer," died a nervous wreck; Herriot also felt the injury so deeply that he broke up the Laval Government rather than serve under a Premier who tolerated such campaigns; as for Salengro, a man of weaker character, and overworked and in poor health, he simply committed suicide. Even assuming (and the assumption is not based on any evidence) that Salengro did lose his nerve at some moment during the war, was it for men who had carefully stayed behind in Paris and Bordeaux to throw stones at him? It will be a service to ordinary human decency to stop such campaigns.

The basic provision of the new Bill is that the defendant in a libel action must prove his assertions; otherwise he is liable to a term of imprisonment and/or a fine not exceeding 10,000 francs (which, including extras and costs, means in reality 100,000 frs. or £1,000). This penal action before the Correctional Court (without a jury) may be accompanied by a civil action for damages. The Bill is very vague on this subject, and it is still uncertain how this provision would work in practice; but many French deputies and senators are aware of the abuses to which the British libel law has given rise, and it is hoped that before the Bill becomes law it will be clearly specified that damages are payable only when material loss can be proved. The symbolic franc should be perfectly sufficient to pay for any moral damage. If this is sufficiently serious, let the defendant pay a heavy fine or go to prison. The "correctionalisation" of the procedure (that is, the elimination of the jury) is regarded by some critics as undemocratic; and, on the whole, this criticism may be justified, for in libel actions of a political nature French juries, carried away by their own feelings, are notoriously unreliable. The recent case of Police Inspector Bony, who lost his libel action against *Gringoire*, which had called him a murderer without the slightest evidence, is a good example of what French juries can do. The jury happened to dislike Bony, and also allowed itself to be impressed by a comic witness for the defence—a Mademoiselle Cotillon—who claimed to have been blackmailed by Bony ten years earlier. The allegation was totally irrelevant to the case; but nevertheless *Gringoire* was acquitted.

Still, even this does not destroy the fundamental objection to the abolition of the jury. Even friends of the Blum Government say that the law may become a dangerous weapon in the hands of an eventual reactionary Government with the *correctionnelle* judges in its pocket. This criticism applies even more to the clause against "false news liable to disturb public order or international relations." As the *Oeuvre* remarked: "Will we go to prison for saying that Italy is occupying Majorca? Is news declared to be false by the Government false news?" The "false news" clause is, in the opinion of the *Oeuvre*, equal to a restoration of the censorship, and the *Oeuvre* is a pro-Government paper. Yet both it and the *Canard Enchaîné* are much disturbed lest the strict application of the new law should stop not only libel, but also leg-pulling. It is admitted that, under a reasonable democratic Government, the law will, like the Pope's daughter in *Candide*, be violated almost every day—provided certain limits of decency are not exceeded—but it is feared that, in the hands of an unscrupulous reactionary Government, it may become a means of killing the free press in France and of turning the *Canard* into a sort of French *Punch*. Many deputies of the Left, who do not wish to attack the Government openly, are expecting the Senate to take the necessary precautions. In the light of the Italian subsidies during the Abyssinian war, the clause obliging papers to declare all sums received from abroad is more than justified—may it also be practicable!

Whatever may be the weaknesses of its press Bill, and whatever other criticisms may be brought against the Blum Government, it is clear that Blum was not far wrong in claiming that France was living through a period of "intense activity." This activity is not only limited to the Government. There are growing signs of an economic recovery following upon devaluation. The orders in the motor industry have gone up 70 per cent. since a year ago; unemployment is decreasing, and in all industries a *reprise* may be observed, not least in the Paris *de luxe* trades—though some of the big bosses are deliberately trying to retard this recovery. For the first time in many years the dressmaking firms are taking on new hands; and the huge traffic jams in the centre of Paris—such as have not been seen for six years—are an interesting symptom of increased business and shopping activity.

This prospect of an economic revival was perhaps the principal, though secret, reason why the Blum Government did not resign when the Communists abstained in the vote at the end of the foreign debate on Saturday. In all decency, the Communists could not have supported the Government's non-intervention policy; but it is worth noting that immediately after the vote they assured the Government that they would support it on all other issues in future, and that the Front Populaire continued. Such is the position at the moment. There are some who say that the Communists will conspire against the Government in other directions, tha they will, for instance, encourage more strikes; but one has not the impression that the working class is in a revolutionary temper at the moment. The only danger comes from a continued rise in prices—a rise which may be sharply accentuated with the more general introduction of the 40-hour week—but for the present the working class is not dissatisfied, and the C.G.T. is anxious to co-operate with the Government. The Spanish problem is the most difficult one of all; but the Communists must have been impressed by the unanimity with which the rest of the Chamber (Socialists included) supported the non-intervention policy of the Government.* This consists in letting Spain stew in its own juice, and in trying to make non-intervention "as effective as possible"; but in no circumstances must the illegal intervention directly affect France—and, presumably, Britain. The "limits beyond which the Fascist countries must not go," to which Delbos referred a fortnight ago, were fairly clearly indicated by Blum; no attempt to disintegrate French Morocco, no blockade of Catalonia, and no Italian occupation of the Balearics. Not exactly a generous policy, but one which may discourage Germany and Italy from counting too much on the rewards that Franco may have promised them.

The reference to Morocco was a pointed one, and if German and Italian agitation continues at the present rate in Spanish Morocco, the French may feel compelled to occupy it. Such a French *fait accompli* on the South side of the Straits of Gibraltar might not be unwelcome in London.

Paris, ALEXANDER WERTH
December 8th.

SVENGALI REDIVIVUS

ONE of the minor terrors of my boyhood was the terror of being hypnotised. I did not know any hypnotists, but I had read some popular fiction in which villainous men were able to make slaves of other people by hypnotic means. In those days it was always the villain who went in for hypnotism. Until I was grown up I had never heard of a virtuous hypnotist. Anyone with hypnotic powers in late Victorian magazine literature was sure to want some innocent youth or charming girl to steal or murder for him, or at least to persuade some foolish old lady to part with her fortune. And the hypnotist of the time was not only a sinister but a sinister-looking figure. You would have shuddered if you had met him in the street. Probably my own fear of him was fairly widely shared; that may have been the cause of the enormous popularity of *Trilby*. Who would have dared to look Svengali in the eye?

Most of us were convinced, of course, that if you looked a hypnotist in the eye, you were done for. You might be passing him on the crowded pavement: your eyes would meet; and immediately, without even saying a word, he could order you to go into a jeweller's and steal him a gold watch and you would no more know what you were doing than if you were asleep. I hated the notion of committing crime in a trance. I hated even more the notion of an innocent and beautiful girl's committing crime in a trance. A world in which the good were robbed of their will-power by the evil seemed to be a world haunted by devils. Small as was my will-power, I would almost rather have been dead than be without it. My reputation and my purse, these were trash; but my will-power was myself. So much did I dread the loss of it, except in sleep, that I could never even be persuaded to take gas at the dentist's.

Greatly to my relief, someone told me one day that hypnotists were unable to master anybody who did not consent to be hypnotised. The stories about innocent victims of the hypnotic eye, he said, were all rubbish. On hearing that, I felt that the world was a much safer place. I should now, I realised, never have to burgle a rich man's house, or forge a cheque unless I wished to do so. This knowledge gave me a new sense of freedom. The hypnotist might still be a villain, but he would never be able to make me his slave.

Ever since then I have felt fairly happy about hypnotists. But this week I was reading Mr. Aldous Huxley's new book of essays, *The Olive Tree*, and to my alarm I found that he had resurrected the demon hypnotist of my childhood in a new guise. It is true that Mr. Huxley's hypnotist is not the old-fashioned ogler of fiction. He is, in fact, a very up-to-date druggist. He is the product, not of a novelist's brain, but of a laboratory. Mr. Huxley believes that this sinister scientist will be one of the most efficient propagandists of the future. The twentieth-century Svengali will be used to hypnotise us, not for private ends, but in the interests of the State. The drug by which he will do so has apparently already been discovered. "A cachet," writes Mr. Huxley, "containing three-quarters of a gramme of chloral and three-quarters of a milligramme of scopolamine will produce in the person who swallows it a state of complete malleability, akin to the state of a subject under deep hypnosis. Any suggestion made to the patient while in this artificially induced trance penetrates to the very depths of the sub-conscious mind and may produce a permanent modification in the habitual mode of thought and feeling. In France, where the technique has been in experimental use for several years, it has been found that two or three courses of suggestion under chloral and scopolamine can change the habits even of the victims of alcoholism and irrepressible sexual addictions." Up to this point the news about this extraordinary hypnotic drug sounds cheerful enough. But Mr. Huxley goes on: "A peculiarity of the drug is that the amnesia which follows it is retrospective; the patient has no memories of a period which begins several hours before the drug's administration. Catch a man unawares and give him a cachet; he will return to consciousness firmly believing all the suggestions you have made during his stupor and wholly unaware of the way this astonishing conversion has been effected. A system of propaganda, combining pharmacology with literature, should be completely and infallibly effective."

I confess that my first instinct on reading this kind of thing is to disbelieve it. I am unfortunately ignorant of science, and I have usually disbelieved in the latest scientific discoveries till disbelief was no longer possible. On this matter, however, I feel compelled to bow to the superior knowledge of Mr. Huxley; and, like him, I find the thought that this drug may be used by dictators to destroy the wills of their subjects "extremely disquieting." Already people—and not mere sensation-mongering people—are to be heard suggesting that the new drug is the real explanation of the astonishing confessions and self-accusations of so many political prisoners in Germany and Russia. I find it hard to believe this, but then I find it hard to believe nearly everything that occurs at these political trials. The longer you live, the more incredible life becomes. We have lived to see the triumph of mass-hypnotism over a large part of Europe. Why should the practitioners of mass-hypnotism not add pharmacological hypnotism to their propagandist machinery?

At the same time, if the new drug is so infallibly effective, why should dictators trouble to put rebellious subjects to death? All they have to do, it seems to me, is to shepherd the rebels into a hospital, make them swallow a cachet or two, and send them forth into the world effusively loyal men. *Lettres de cachet*, I foresee, will have a new meaning in the future. When one thinks of the bloodshed the use of the new drug may save, one is almost tempted to welcome it. Imagine what a godsend it might have been if it had been known in the days of the religious persecutions. Instead of killing each other, the Catholics and the Protestants would have only had to capture each other in the friendliest way and,

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*The reactions of the Right were very curious. Loyalty to France and loyalty to Fascism are in conflict. Kerillis made the absurd, but significant, statement that since France "had missed the opportunity of taking the place by Franco's side now held by Germany," she can do no better than support non-intervention. The *Echo de Paris*, which raised a subscription for a sword of honour to be presented to the "heroes of the Alcazar," is now greatly worried about Spain "becoming a German colony."

using as little force as possible, administer a few cachets. I do not suppose men's souls would have been saved by so chemical a conversion, but at least the world would have been less miserable. Or would it? Yes, probably less miserable, but not happier. I doubt whether Robots can be said to be happy.

Certainly, if the new drug is effective, it should make things easier for the dictator in times both of peace and of war. If a method is found of administering the drug by inoculation instead of in cachet form, things will be easier still, for then he will only have to catch his enemies, tie them up, and give them a jab from a syringe one after another. In time of war, he will be able to hypnotise all prisoners taken from the enemy and add them as volunteers to his own fighting forces. His power over every one of whom he can get into striking distance will be irresistible. I can foresee a time at which the hypnotic syringe will play an important part even in international politics. Imagine what will happen at Geneva when the delegate of some unscrupulous power arrives armed with a syringe and goes about giving sudden stealthy jabs to one of his fellow-delegates after another. Such a general *volte face* would take place as had never been known before even among politicians. The delegate from Ruritania would with a blissful smile eat his words—words that had been as bold as the roar of a lion twenty-four hours earlier. There would, indeed, be a general orgy of word-eating. By the end of the day not a word would be left uneaten except the words of the delegate of the unscrupulous power.

This, it must be admitted, whatever its other effects, would make for harmony in international politics. And, if it were not that it is destructive of will-power, I could see a score of reasons for feeling enthusiastic over the prospects of the new hypnosis. For one thing, it will remove the last excuse for political assassination. In future the hater of tyranny need no longer wish for the death of the tyrant. All he will have to do will be to insinuate himself by some means into the tyrant's entourage and wait for the moment at which, the tyrant being off his guard, he can give him a quick jab on the wrist or in the neck. Thereupon the tyrant will fall into a deep sleep, from which he will wake up perfectly malleable. He will create a sensation next day by proclaiming his belief in government of the people by the people for the people, and will dismiss his leading supporters for not being sound on the point that you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time. In short, he will have become an apostle of democracy.

Who can deny that a world hypnotically drugged by the right people would be a better world than the world in which we now live? I am myself still nervous in regard to hypnotism, but I find my objections to it weakening when I think of the glorious possibilities of being able to hypnotise the hypnotists of the present age. I wish them no ill, but I do wish that half a dozen of them or even fewer could be persuaded to swallow a chloral-and-scopolamine cachet with some pleasant peaceful person like Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Attlee or Sir Archibald Sinclair or Mr. Maxton standing by, intoning harmonious words. Who would not wish the world to be saved even through the agency of a beneficent Svengali? Y. Y.

Correspondence

KING AND COUNTRY

SIR,—How far the press reflected, and how far it evoked and moulded, public opinion during the last ten days it is impossible to say. Thousands of letters have poured into the offices of newspaper and other organisations from obscure and eminent people alike. It is most important that these should be preserved and made accessible.

Anthropologists and psychologists all over the world are studying the reactions of primitive tribes to sexual situations. There have been concentrated within the last ten days the reactions of the people of the British Empire to a sexual situation. Here in a relatively limited form is some of the material for that anthropological study of our own civilisation of which we stand in such desperate need.

It would seem that the majority of the inhabitants of the Empire are unable to tolerate the image of a Queen—whose chief function together with her Consort would be to be an object of idolisation—who has previously been married to two men who are still alive. Attempts have been made by various interests to use this primitive reaction to their own ends. Nothing could now be more important than the widespread public realisation of how they thought that this could be done.

It is equally important, particularly from now on, that similar investigations should be set on foot in the United States. It is not impossible that in a similarly primitive way the treatment of Mrs. Simpson, in whom Americans have taken an interest almost as great as that taken in England in the King, may there be felt by some Americans, however mistakenly, to be an aspersion on themselves.

Should this be so we may expect, on some future occasion, a compensatory manifestation of anti-British feeling, showing itself in an irrational refusal to co-operate and perhaps a revengeful suspicion of motive.

It will help our understanding and sensible behaviour towards this if we have obtained in some measure an understanding of our own recent psychopathic reactions.

We must now be prepared, too, for that Puritan reaction here, which seems to accompany all Fascistoid movements.

6 Gordon Square, GEOFFREY PYKE
W.C.1.

PUBLIC ORDER BILL

SIR,—The first and obvious criticism of the Public Order Bill is that it does not accomplish what it set out to do. The Bill was primarily designed to ban political uniforms. But it expressly allows the wearing of political uniform on "any ceremonial, anniversary or other special occasions." It is not unreasonable to suggest that anniversaries and special occasions are the very times when political feeling runs high and the wearing of uniforms will be most provocative. Apart from the fact that it does not fulfil its purpose, the Bill, ostensibly framed to deal with recent disturbances, has been made the excuse to introduce legislation as repressive as that of the Incitement of Disaffection Act.

The most serious curtailment of liberty is contained in the section restricting processions. The Labour Party, in supporting this section, took the view that in order to avoid the recurrence of provocative anti-Semitic processions through the Jewish quarters of big cities it was necessary to cede to the Executive the right to control processions. As a fact, both Statute and Common law already make provision for dealing with a situation of this kind. But when it is considered that the new powers in the Bill governing processions are placed in the hands of the Chief of Police, the view of the Labour Party appears more than a little sanguine.

As the Bill now stands the Chief of Police may forbid a procession if he has "reasonable grounds" to apprehend that it may occasion serious public disorder. It is interesting to consider that if this Bill had been an Act in 1934 the hunger-march of that year, although it proved to be a perfectly orderly and peaceable demonstration, would no doubt have been banned, for on the eve of the arrival of the marchers the then Home Secretary foretold possible bloodshed and warned shopkeepers to shutter their windows and the public to keep off the route of the march.

Another interesting example of police interpretation of "reasonable grounds" is furnished by the events that occurred on March 22nd of this year. A perfectly orderly and peaceful meeting was broken up by a sudden baton charge by mounted police, and members of the public who had been listening to the speakers were injured by police batons. Sir John Simon, in the House, supported the view that reasonable grounds existed for this attack and refused to hold a public inquiry into the matter. Again, in 1934, the Chief Constables of Manchester and Blackburn, anticipating the powers in this Bill, illegally banned in advance certain peace and anti-Fascist processions on the ground that a breach of the peace would ensue. When it was pointed out by our Council that the bans were illegal, they were lifted and no breach of the peace did in fact occur.

Not only is there danger in a police ban framed on supposed "reasonable grounds" but there is a growing feeling in the public mind that the police can no longer be relied upon to do their duty impartially as between the Fascist and anti-Fascist sides. Professor Laski writes of this feeling: "There is no use denying that there is an ugly body of suspicion abroad about police behaviour in dealing with the problems created by the Fascist movement." Mr. Lansbury has said in the House: "I am being met in the East End of London with the statement that the police are no longer impartial," and Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P.: "It is a very dangerous thing if people believe, even without foundation, that there is some kind of favouritism as between one side and another on the part of the police. . . . It would be very unfortunate if it were supposed that the Metropolitan Police were more ready to prevent one party from holding street meetings than they were to prevent another party."

Limits of space prevent a fuller examination of all the objectionable features of this Bill, but it is important to call attention to one other serious danger—that is, the provision extending the offence of "insulting words and behaviour." Our Council's experience is that a strained interpretation is frequently put on this offence. For example, an unemployed man was fined some years ago for using the insulting words "Give us bread." The increase of the penalty for this offence from 40*s.* to £50 or three months' imprisonment (or both) is a disquieting feature.

RONALD KIDD,
Secretary

The National Council for
Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2.

BRITISH ART AND NAZI PROPAGANDA

SIR,—An invitation is at present being extended to groups of British artists to take part in an Exhibition of Contemporary British Painting in Berlin.

In view of the fact that so many German artists are now suffering in exile, in view of the treatment of the work of several British artists which prior to the Nazi regime was hung in German Galleries, and in view of the recent decree which bans all art criticism in Germany, may we ask all British artists to do their utmost to check this naive attempt to disguise propaganda as a love of culture?

It is encouraging to note that the London group, who were invited subject to the exclusion of "certain works which could not be accepted for political reasons," have officially rejected the invitation.

ETHELBERT WHITE JACOB EPSTEIN
CHARLES GINNER MATTHEW SMITH
AUGUSTUS JOHN DUNCAN GRANT
JAMES FITTON

SCHOOL VISITS TO GERMANY

SIR,—In view of the correspondence in your columns on German propaganda in preparatory schools, my experiences as teacher in charge of an exchange visit between boys in a secondary school in a large industrial town and a school in Halle on the Saale might be of interest. The visit took place during the Easter holidays of last year, so there might be some differences of detail from present conditions.

Amongst the schools shown to us were the Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalt at Naumburg, mentioned in the letter of Robert Dell, and the Schul Pforta. At the Napola in Naumburg we were met by a boy in uniform, who stood to attention whenever he spoke to us. We were conducted through the main gates of the school, past a sentry box, to a short plump man (also in uniform), whom I understood to be the Anstaltsleiter, who gave us a short account of the life of the boys. Sport played a large part, the obstacle race being a favourite pastime. We were shown the Hindernisbahn or track used for this race. The obstacles consisted of such things as barbed wire entanglements, trenches into and out of which the boys had to jump, tunnels and wooden palisades. Races were run on the team system, the position of the team being that of the last man in it, so that the stronger helped the weaker, and the team arrived at the winning post not individually, but in a group. As we had not seen a chapel, I inquired what religious instruction was given. The Director told us that there was a chapel, but that it was not used very much. The Christian religion, he said, laid too much emphasis on "Erkenntnis" (confession). The boys were taught the value of *Erkenntnis*, a word which, I understood, he interpreted in some special sense of his own.

The Pforta School which we visited after this was an old school, full of traditions. A development of a former Cistercian monastery, it possessed a fine Romanesque chapel. The school servant, of the college porter type, who took us round, told us that there were families in Germany who had had sons at the school since 1600. We also saw a list of distinguished Old Boys. Latin, Greek and German were, I believe, the chief subjects.

It was made clear to us that the Pforta was an old private school, while the Napola was a special new type introduced by the National Socialists. It was not difficult for us to come to our own conclusions as to which of the two had more in common with the English public school.

I entirely agree with E. K. M. that "it is no part of a schoolmaster's job to dabble in politics." If he wishes to touch the subject at all, he should deal with it carefully and thoroughly and should not use terms such as "non-political" or "peace between nations" as a screen for Fascist propaganda. Is it platitudinous to say that almost the whole of a schoolmaster's job should be to present to those in his charge both sides of a question in the hope that by thinking for themselves they will arrive at an opinion which they believe is the true one? Throughout the trip I carefully avoided saying anything that could be interpreted as either pro- or anti-Fascist propaganda, and although we were subjected by our hosts to a constant stream of Nazi propaganda, nevertheless, owing largely to the fact that we visited these two schools in the same day, the party left Germany with a fairly "reliable insight and understanding" of the German Government of to-day and a very real sympathy with the German people.

C. A. L. PRINS

315 Sheen Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

LORD NUFFIELD'S GIFTS

SIR,—I would have thought that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION could have made a more significant comment on Lord Nuffield's gifts. To congratulate him on believing that money is good to use and not merely to accumulate is to invite deservedly biting comments from Cowley's non-union labour.

Lord Nuffield, in his rise from bicycle mechanic to motor-car king, has accumulated a fortune of at least £18,000,000. This is based on his original ownership of the entire £2,650,000 ordinary share capital of Morris Motors, the Stock Exchange value of which exceeds £21,000,000. In October Lord Nuffield turned about £650,000 of this into cash by letting the public in on his business at a price which gave him a cash profit of practically £4,000,000, but left him with paper profit on the balance of his 8,000,000 5*s.* shares of some £14,000,000. Out of these 8,000,000 shares, 1,000,000 are to be converted into a trust fund for the employees of Morris Motors. This gift cost Lord Nuffield not more than £250,000, but because of the high market value he gets credit for giving away £2,000,000. Be that as it may, the value of the gift will be the income on it. On the basis of the anticipated Morris Motors dividend of 45 per cent. it will be £112,500 per annum. Lord Nuffield's dividend on his 7,000,000 shares will be £787,500. When the motor boom declines and Morris Motors fall on less prosperous times this income of £112,500, which is to pay for the workers' holidays, may become far less or even disappear. This is as it should be, as there then will not be so many workers to enjoy their holidays at the expense of Lord Nuffield; they will be having a prolonged holiday at the expense of the Unemployment Insurance fund or the U.A.B.

Such gifts deserve criticism, not praise, from your journal. The worst possible way of financing such social necessities, which incidentally are workers' rights, as holidays with pay, pensions, etc., is through holding shares in the industry concerned. Money is then only available during boom times when the need is least and not there during bad times when the need is greatest.

Lord Nuffield has accumulated capital profits of at least £18,000,000 which goes completely free of tax. Out of this he distributes largess to hospitals and research and a mite to his compulsorily non-union workers. Supposing there were a capital levy in the form of a capital profits tax which treated capital profits as income, sooner or later, as the £18,000,000 was turned from paper into cash, tax would become payable. If capital profits were taxable on the same basis as income, over £1,000,000 would already have had to be handed over by Lord Nuffield to the Exchequer out of profits already realised on the shares sold or transferred. I mention this in the hope of preventing you from following up this week's congratulatory message with a paragraph justifying the accumulation of fortunes by motor magnates and armament makers

on the grounds that the hospitals must be kept going, and holidays with pay can thereby be provided. If Lord Nuffield and company were taxed on the fortunes they make, the Government itself, or through municipalities and universities, could finance both hospitals and research; but even taxation is not necessary—as M. Blum in France has shown—in order to provide holidays with pay for all.

35 Ormonde Gate, ERNEST DAVIES
Chelsea, S.W.3.

OVERCROWDING AND EDUCATION

SIR,—The mild criticism of minor parts of my article on Overcrowding and Education suggests that though I limited its scope to those schools which I knew, its application could be extended to many more of which I have no direct knowledge.

Mr. Ruddock writes at some length, but has apparently not read my article with any great care. His criticism is in some respects misconceived, and is in others, I am afraid, somewhat trivial. Good reasons melt before the *argumentum ad hominem* that I myself am gloomy and sensitive (a term of reproach in the mouth of a modern educationist!) and that the children in his class would disapprove of me.

I said that huge classes and the half-yearly change of masters magnified the distance between master and pupil, and that the boys, so far from remembering with gratitude throughout life their master's wise and kind direction, would probably have but the vaguest recollection of him at all. Mr. Ruddock insists, however, that the masters forget the boys. In affirming my own proposition I did not deny his. Surely both form the obverse and the reverse of the same tragedy of estrangement.

I am perhaps very hard to please, but I am no more impressed by the spectacle of slum children being offered an outing to the Royal Academy of Music than I am in seeing other children tearing round the Science Museum on Saturdays and Sundays, pressing buttons and turning handles in the pursuit of knowledge. It is not so easy as that, Mr. Ruddock. Appreciation is founded on knowledge, and knowledge must be won. "Eyes they have, but see not. Ears have they, but they hear not."

Miss Backett's letter is on a different plane, though whether senior school children are dull only in fact and not of necessity, or whether or not there is in some schools a leaven of cleverer children, does not appear to me to invalidate my general argument. There is certainly a deep chasm between the capabilities of children in central schools and those in senior schools, which I think Miss Backett would not deny.

Miss Backett is apparently not acquainted with the more sordid side of school life. She thinks that I have exaggerated and perhaps generalised illogically from too few instances. I can assure her, after mature reflection, that I have not done so. That there are other and more agreeable schools even of the same category, I have not a doubt. My article was not about them. It was about the extremely disagreeable ones, schools in which the scenes I have been compelled to witness have shocked and disgusted me.

Unfortunately self-discipline or free discipline was not inculcated or allowed in any of the schools I visited. You cannot have such a system in one class room and the more brutal regime in the next. Self-discipline, too, is all of a piece with work and play, and makes serious demands on the moral fibre of both teacher and taught.

I do not assert, as Miss Backett suggests, that children under fourteen will work for the love of work without stimulus or supervision. But I do assert that thousands of children in junior and central and secondary schools will pluckily tackle an unpleasant or difficult piece of work and carry through with it as an unaided personal struggle. Your senior school boy exhausts the wit and art of his master in pre-digesting his work for him, and when the bell rings at 4.30 literally bolts into the street.

The very poor are singularly inarticulate, and I maintain that in most of the schools I have been acquainted with the boys are getting a very raw deal. A. PINDAR

THE SPECIAL AREAS

SIR,—The "Special Areas" are occupying the minds of all thoughtful people at the present time. I shall be glad, therefore, if you will allow me to call the attention of your readers to a very practical way of giving help.

The miners' womenfolk make lovely quilting in traditional designs; these and other handicrafts in wrought iron, wood, pottery, etc., make useful and beautiful Christmas presents. They can be seen and bought at the showroom of an organisation specially formed for the sale of these goods, namely, Country Industries, Ltd., 26 Eccleston Street, S.W.1.

7 Campden Hill Gate, LAURENCE WRIGHT
W.8.

TRAVELLING IN WONDERLAND

SIR,—I asked the booking clerk for a third-class single to X and he handed me a return.

"I want a single," I said, "not a return."

"A return," he said, "is cheaper than a single."

This is not a quotation from Alice in Wonderland but an experience in England.

It is not surprising that in such a country we should say that we are so poor that we cannot afford to work.

A NEAR RELATION OF THE MAD HATTER

OXFORD BOOK OF MODERN ENGLISH VERSE

SIR,—In my review last week of *The Oxford Book of Modern English Verse* I referred to the inclusion of "thirty or more" Irish poets. This should have read "*thirteen* or more."

G. W. STONIER

BROADTAIL AND ERMINE

SIR,—I am sorry to see that an attempt is once more being made to boom Broadtail fur.

Broadtail is the prematurely born of the Persian (or Karakul) sheep, which has often been obtained with the most revolting cruelty. In certain parts of Russia and Asia the mother sheep have been unmercifully beaten with iron rods, about a hundred blows being given, to induce the premature birth of broadtail. These newly born lambs have then been skinned alive in order to obtain their very fine and soft fur. I have been informed that a certain firm (not English) has made 30 million dollars profit in ten years from these ghastly practices. The above information has actually been obtained from a member of the fur trade, who for obvious reasons wishes to remain incognito.

It is only fair to add that broadtail from the Karakul farms in British S.W. Africa is perfectly humane; I have made inquiries through the Government Veterinary Officer on the spot, and both the sheep and lambs are kindly treated there.

In reply to the great number of people who have written to me from all over the country with regard to ermine, I have now done all in my power to point out the great cruelty involved in trapping these small creatures; and it now remains to be seen how many Peers and Peeresses will have the courage to wear a fur fabric, or the skins of white rabbits which are, of course, farmed, instead of buying new ermine fur.

I am continuing to send out over 1,000 leaflets each week containing the White List of humanely obtained furs; and I have been helped largely in doing this by readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, who have asked me for copies for distribution. Funds are, of course, needed for more advertisements like the one appearing on another page of this issue.

The Fur Crusade and Humane C. VAN DER BYL
Trapping Campaign, (Major)
Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

Miscellany

WASTE

THE Westminster Theatre bids fair to occupy a position in a more apathetic London not unlike that of the Court Theatre during the years 1904–1907, only that theatre had the inestimable advantage of presenting an original dramatist while the public was all agog for his work: Shaw was the staple of the Vedrenne-Barker management which was the most memorable theatrical venture of my time; and when I wrote a little book about it, my publisher, Mr. Frank Sidgwick, chose for me as a motto:

Touchstone : Wost ever at the Court, Shepherd ?
Corin : No truly.
Touchstone : Then thou art damned.

There is, then, a certain appropriateness in Mr. Granville Barker's *Waste* (which the Censor suppressed) being performed at the Westminster Theatre to-day. When the Stage Society gave a performance of it Mr. Granville Barker himself took the part of Trebell, which is now in the extremely competent hands of Mr. Nicholas Hannen. Alas, I never saw that performance, and although I cannot imagine Mr. Granville Barker having done more justice than Mr. Hannen to the emotional violence and rigidity of that character, it is possible that the idealistic strain in Trebell found in him a more subtle interpreter.

I notice that my colleague Mr. Agate says in his notice of the play that *Waste* is "much too good a stick to flog the Censor with." But a good play is the only stick that does not snap when laid across his shoulders, so this one should be applied. The Censor should not be allowed to get away with tardy retractions and past offences against the drama. Acting according to rules of thumb, one of them being that no play in which an illegal operation was mentioned was fit to be seen, the Censor withheld this noble and stimulating play from the public. Now, years later, he admits that this was unnecessary.

That *Waste* was a moral play no Censor could fail to see at any period, but his business was, and it still is, merely to prevent any portion of the public being shocked. After certain topics have become subjects of general discussion—in books, in talk and in the newspapers—then—but not till then—is the ban removed from them on the stage.

This is what prevents our stage from taking a leading part in making people think and feel ; dramatists are forced to scramble along in the rear as best they can. We are now permitted to see *Ghosts, Damaged Goods, Oedipus Rex, The Cenci, Blanco Posnet,* and the world is amazed that such plays were ever forbidden. I think I am right in saying that *Damaged Goods,* which dealt with some consequences of venereal disease, was actually subsidised during the war, though a year or two before it was thought too base for performance ! The Censor came to the conclusion that after all this dismal theme was socially salutary, and though the play might shock, the shock itself would be wholesome.

The theme of *Waste* was suggested by the story of Parnell : a statesman when on the point of carrying a measure of the utmost importance is ruined by scandal arising out of a love-affair. It is illuminating to compare this play with the handling of the theme in *Parnell* at the New Theatre. There sympathy is concentrated on the lovers, and the wider consequences are subsidiary. In *Waste* the tragedy (and the excitement throughout) lies in a man who has identified himself with a cause finding that an episode of small importance in his life has wrecked for ever his chance of serving it. He has been made suddenly useless by the woman concerned dying in her attempt to do away with their child. An inquest is inevitable. He had done his utmost to dissuade her but she had refused to listen. Trebell shoots himself. The greater part of the last act is composed of a scene between him and his sister, in which the danger that he may take his own life is brought home to her. It is a most moving, dramatic passage, extremely well acted by them both. It is a scene of intense feeling between two undemonstrative, self-controlled people, and that is always difficult to manage on the stage. How many things are revealed in the course of it ! Trebell's complete identification of himself with his work ; his sister's devotion to him, heart-starved in that relation, for all its loyalty on both sides ; the overstrained tension in Trebell, his loathing contempt for the cowardice of the woman who has destroyed him, his passionate faith that life consists in surrendering to a selfless impulse (Amy O'Connell's action in destroying their child is the hateful symbol of its opposite in human nature), his refusal to go on living on a superficial level.

> *Frances :* My dear . . . it was dreadful . . . the thing she did . . . dreadfully wrong. But after all . . . babies enough don't get born. We must take a practical view of it.
>
> *Trebell :* Women do . . . for they have to . . . who's to blame them ? But men's travail is of the soul. And if this new power coming to birth in me has been killed now . . . as wantonly as she denied life to that child . . . ! I'd rather like to think Fate could be so subtle in revenge.
>
> *Frances :* This isn't sane ! It isn't sane !
>
> *Trebell :* By other measure than our thrifty sanity my life may well be of no more account than that balked scrap of being was.

The curtain descends shortly afterwards for a minute. She still in some doubt, we in none at all, about what will happen. If you watch her hands as she clutches his arm, her attempt to caress him under which he stiffens, the visible signs in both not to give way to emotion, you will enjoy the rare treat of watching admirable acting ; his frozen indignant despair, her longing to thaw him. It was a remarkable performance. The short epilogue, so to speak, is like the patter of rain after the thunderclap. And, it, too, contains its lesson upon the world where Henry Trebell was trapped and broken. The last words of all are flung at us by his young secretary :

> "I'd like to go through the streets and shout that he's dead—that they've lost him and wasted him, damn them. With his work all undone. Who's to do it ? Much they care . . . Oh, the waste of him—oh, the waste—the waste ! "

Yet it was his own fault too : he was betrayed from within as well as from without. In order to treat the theme well it was necessary to draw in Trebell a man with a single passion who is tripped up by having led a life of excessive and ascetic concentration, and a woman who will be a plausible enchantress and without the smallest comprehension—indeed, a frantic deep-seated horror of risking herself ; and it must be suggested that the work Trebell could do is of real importance. The measure which Trebell is offered a place in the Cabinet to draught is nominally a Disestablishment Bill which is to use the property of the Church for endowing a system of higher education at once religious and democratic. Time must be spent in adumbrating this, but as little as possible. I do not think myself that too much has been spent upon it, for the proposal serves the same purpose as the scandal when it breaks, namely of orientating the colleagues with whom Trebell has to work in relation to ends beyond party advantage. The different types are admirably drawn and admirably interpreted: Horsham, the Balfourian Prime Minister (Mr. Felix Aylmer is deliciously imperturbable and quick witted beneath an apparent nonchalance), Blackborough (Mr. Cecil Trouncer) the thruster (admirable), Farrant, the common-place well-meaning Conservative (a comparatively colourless part of which Mr. Scott Gatty makes the most), Lord Charles Cantilupe (acted by Mr. McLaughlin with surprising quiet intensity) the High Churchman, dry, intense, completely honourable. The third act, when the politicians are in conclave, having summoned O'Connor in order to pursuade him if possible to hold his tongue at the inquest on his dead wife, is masterly. This Irishman, who makes no pretence of being concerned with the results of his decision either way, is suddenly confronted by Trebell who has burst in, and one of the most dramatic encounters I have seen on the contemporary stage follows. Up till then Cantilupe was the only man in the room O'Connor did not despise. Husband and lover have at least three things in common, they have been injured by the same woman, they have courage, and contempt for public opinion. Mr. Mark Dignam plays the part of the Irishman who lives neither in this century nor in the world of politics with arresting dignity. It is not O'Connor who wrecks Trebell, but Blackborough who sees an opportunity of sinking a competitor, and Cantilupe who refuses to serve with an adulterer. Horsham gives up the plan, half with regret, half with relief. He sees before the others it will not work—Trebell must go in any case, Blackborough cannot be trusted not to make the scandal public.

The seduction scene in Act I is admirably played by both Mr. Hannen and Miss Catherine Lacey, who is equally good in the scene with Trebell when she tries to get him to help her find a doctor. In tears, in laughter she plays with an adroitness which brings out all the necessary points.

I have said before that we should think of modern drama as not unlike an organ with three keyboards. The top keyboard, so to speak, is the story; that is to say, the sequence of incident and interplay of character which must be convincing. We must, while we watch and listen, feel that we are in the presence of *real* people and that they are behaving as they would in real life. To achieve this is by no means easy, yet it is far from being an important achievement. Nearly all playwrights who draw large audiences are more or less expert in playing on this first manual. On this Mr. Granville Barker plays admirably. His dialogue has the broken rhythm of life.

The second keyboard is that of ideas. The dramatist who can play on the upper manual and the middle one is in a different class to the one who can play only on the upper. It is Shaw's brilliant execution on the second keyboard with just enough plausibility in his touch upon the first which has made him the most stimulating of living playwrights. Mr. Granville Barker gets the utmost out of the idea in his story—waste. His handling of it is masterly.

But there is a third keyboard, one which is seldom touched. It is in this play. What results is the transmission of the dramatist's own sense of life. We have the sensation of thinking and feeling into experience with him. The hero of *Waste* is a man who identifies himself with a stream of life which flows beneath the surface of events. There lay his superior driving power. All the characters are presented so that their relations to that hidden stream, where tragedy is a reality, are exhibited. Amy O'Connell fears it and is flung screaming and protesting into it; Justin O'Connell and Cantilupe recognise its existence; Horsham knows it is there but handles life as though it had no depths; Blackborough and Farrant, though one is a thug and the other a good fellow, have no idea of its existence and Frances Trebell, till tragedy revealed it, to her, knew it only at second hand as most serious-minded people do.

Desmond MacCarthy

RECENT MUSIC

EVERY great composer in the past has realised that the musical public needed to hear his music performed many times before it would be possible for them to appreciate it and get proper enjoyment from it. During his lifetime the obstacles to this are many and mostly obvious. There is always the natural reluctance to believe that a contemporary can be as great as a man of the past, and a living artist is always looked upon sceptically even by his friends. The need for novelty, however, is on his side, and while he is young he can generally get some sort of a hearing, although it may be far from an adequate one. As he becomes older it is often increasingly difficult for him, and this was the case with Mozart, Beethoven and Berlioz, all of whom acquired considerable reputation, notoriety even, at the beginning of their careers, while all three found themselves largely ignored towards the end of their lives.

Later, a new twofold obstacle comes in view—the obstacle of the professional critic and the amateur connoisseur. Critics, unless they are themselves creative artists or have a genuine gift of reception, are always negative. I sat behind such a one at the Queen's Hall the other night; he had the score of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* in his hands, and I amused myself looking at it occasionally during the performance over his shoulder. I noticed that he was never once moved—no, I am unjust, he laughed once, and I think it was with pleasure at a point in the *Allegretto non troppo*—but the audience was deeply moved, and hardened concert-goer as I am I never hear this work without holding my breath many times spellbound during its performance. But my colleague, I noticed, yawned from time to time, owing to the lack of effort he experienced in following the score in its more barely instrumented places. This is what many virtuoso pianists do (but inwardly) when playing Mozart. *There are not enough notes for them!* What the notes that are there actually express is unknown to them, and naturally they are bored. To a musician and music-lover the *Symphonie Fantastique* is either a masterpiece absolutely unique in character of which every note is exactly right and inevitable, filling him with intense satisfaction, or it is a deadly bore. Those to whom it is a deadly bore have not the key to this music, but it is interesting to observe that with its more frequent performance in recent years in London its popularity has steadily grown.

Now the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, which was performed last week under Albert Wolff from Paris, in the place of Sir Hamilton Harty, is practically unknown to music lovers. The London Philharmonic Orchestra and the Philharmonic Choir gave a fairly clean, moderately adequate performance, but it was clear that they were not really familiar with it to the degree which enables an orchestra and choir to give of its best. Also, M. Albert Wolff, though a capable conductor who was obviously trying to do his best for the work, is not by temperament and talent by any means the ideal conductor for Berlioz. This brings me to a grievance I have long wished to express against Toscanini. There is an old adage, *génie oblige*, and Toscanini's genius as a conductor may be considered by music-lovers to oblige him to give his great talent to revealing to the public great musical works which have not yet been revealed. It is all very well, but it was too cheap for Toscanini to give a performance of the Queen Mab scherzo at Salzburg last year which simply took musicians' breath away. Why has not Toscanini performed in Salzburg or in London or in Vienna or in New York the whole of *Romeo and Juliet?* I am quite certain that an adequate performance by Toscanini of *Romeo and Juliet* would prove once for all to those who heard it that this work is also, like the *Symphonie Fantastique*, a masterpiece, although of an entirely different character. As it was, the only result of the Philharmonic performance under Wolff was to enable a few of our critics to say, rather with surprise, that there are other movements in this great work besides the Love Scene and the Queen Mab scenes which are remarkable; such a movement, for example, as the *Convoi funèbre de Juliette*, a marvellous piece for chorus and orchestra, which is worthy of comparison with although entirely different in character to the funeral march in the *Eroica*. Berlioz's music is so expressive that if his expressive accents are not properly caught the whole meaning and effect is lost. He never writes merely from the head to produce effects as Liszt, for example, almost always does. This was, by the way, brilliantly demonstrated at the Courtauld-Sargent concert the other night, when the *Symphonie Fantastique* followed, after the interval, the Liszt Concerto No. 2 in A major, played by Mr. Egon Petri. Mr. Petri played it well, and it is an effective piece of pianistic writing, but it is not music that touches the heart or delights the ear, and with the very first bar of the *Symphonie Fantastique* we were taken into a different world, the true world of creative art.

The Mozart Concerto in D (K 537), which Mr. Petri played before the Liszt is, of course, like the Berlioz, the real thing again, but with the exception of the *Larghetto*, which Mr. Petri played very well, it was not a very good performance and the orchestral playing was decidedly below the mark. Our orchestras and our conductors always have the tendency to let secondary parts or subordinate passages be vaguely sketched in without the necessary precision and clarity of detail; also the back desks leave the articulation to the front desks, of which they are often only the shadows. How very different in these respects was the performance of the *Eroica* symphony the other night with the London Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Georg Széll from Prague. It was one of the finest performances of this work I have ever heard in my life, and it showed what one of our orchestras (and one that is not reputed the best although it has greatly improved since its reconstruction!) can do under a conductor who has not only fire, enthusiasm and virtuosity but uncommon musicianship and the ability to tell his players exactly how to get the effects he wants. I consider Mr. Széll one of the finest of living conductors.

W. J. TURNER

DECEMBER SHOWS

When they have enjoyed to the full the brilliant exhibition of French pictures at the Leicester Galleries, amateurs can have the fun of crowning the victor. They can play, I mean, that unprofitable but seductive game of deciding who is the best painter alive; for on one wall hangs a row of Matisses and at right-angles a row of Bonnards. The match is not quite fair because, whereas the six pictures by Matisse are about as good as any I can remember by that artist—12 and 13 are absolute masterpieces—of the nine Bonnards only one is quite worthy of Bonnard at his very best. If I hold this one, No. 19, the finest thing in the room, it is because it seems to offer a sum of delight greater than that which either of Matisse's masterpieces affords. Matisse gives us the quintessence of an experience apprehended with preternatural sensibility and magically recorded. It is the quintessence and no more. Bonnard digs deep for his treasure, discovers it unerringly, and shows us the diggings as well—the diggings converted to beauty. I dare not say that the essential for him lies deeper than it does for Matisse; but I do think that his love of the stuff in which it lies is more generous. I cannot imagine tiring ever of any of these three pictures; but whereas, after a time, one might grow content to catch sight of the Matisses, one would wish always to peer into the Bonnard. And it is because I can peer delightedly into his pictures for longer than I can so peer into those of any other living artist that I put Bonnard first.

Having played the game and awarded the prize to one's own satisfaction, one turns about and from a third wall comes an infinitely discreet voice quizzically asking whether one had not better start all over again. What about Vuillard? Are you quite sure that his portrait of Natanson—an earlyish work unless I mistake—is not the best thing here? Vuillard, sometimes so near to Bonnard that their works have been confused, sometimes—as in this picture—deeply impressed by Degas the portraitist, has yet as distinct a personality as any living painter. One never makes a hasty criticism in disparagement of Vuillard's art but one regrets it. I have heard his pictures called pretty. To be sure, he likes painting pretty things—pretty gardens, pretty rooms. But look again and you will see that the beauty of a Vuillard is never the beauty of the subject; it is the beauty of the picture, beauty created by an artist. Vuillard is timid, they say. Look at the big picture, the picture hanging by the door: the courage which attempted to organise so many small and vivid and disparate forms is equalled only by the mastery which in fact has organised them.

To go from this room to the next is to court disappointment. Yet here is an imposing row of Utrillos, one or two of which—notably *Jardins à Montmartre*—are of this unequal artist's best. And Segonzac bears up bravely, and with his *Amandiers* more than bears up. But to see Segonzac to greatest advantage you should stop in the front room and study one or two drawings which are of exceptional beauty.

It is with great pleasure one finds at Wildenstein's (147 New Bond Street) that good artist, Ethel Walker, doing better than ever. As a painter of flower-pieces and female portraits, she has long enjoyed a high and just reputation, and still her exhibits in this sort come up to the standard which she herself has set. But I think her snow-pieces (Nos. 9 and 14, and especially 9) are on a definitely higher level, and prove her an even better artist than most of us had supposed. With enviable daring she has attempted two large allegorical decorations, *The Zone of Hate* and *The Zone of Love*. Neither is completely successful for neither holds perfectly together, between foreground and background are unbridged gulfs. As in almost all modern allegorical decorations there are passages where the drawing becomes depressingly feeble; and as usual there are unhappy memories of Burne Jones and Puvis. All this was to be expected. The last wholly successful decorator in European art was Chassériau; and it requires something more than the proverbial perversity of fate to

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account for the fact that communists and clergymen between them have succeeded in obliterating almost the whole of his output. Of Miss Walker's panels the later, *Zone of Love*, finished only a year or two ago, is vastly superior to the earlier which dates from 1914. About the latter there is altogether too much Slade; whereas the drawing of the central figures at any rate in the *Zone of Love* is often sensitive and personal, while the decorative accessories—birds, flowers and all that—are as winning as decorative accessories should be.

On the opposite wall Miss Walker shows another pair of decorations, on a smaller scale—*Eve* and *Lilith*—which, amongst other things, demonstrate how a literary idea can play the devil with the most thorough painter. For, unmistakably, Miss Walker is literary about *Lilith*. She likes her so much that she has attempted to give her body a movement which shall be interesting not only plastically but poetically. She has failed: for the sake of her idea she has let go her vision, her line has lost conviction and her composition is upset. In Eve Miss Walker takes no literary interest whatever, she likes her only as a model. Eve is an upstanding wench whose form the artist has rendered with fine precision so that she becomes the centre and support of a capital design. Before tearing myself away from this interesting and delightful show I should like to call attention to *Glen Cottage* (No. 5). It must have required an effort of vision and imagination not to treat this subject obviously. Miss Walker has made the effort and has produced a lovely and surprising picture.

For once in a way the Lefèvre Galleries disappoint us. Notwithstanding a short lecture, well suited to the upper classes in elementary schools, on the craft and history of fresco-painting, by way of preface, there is nothing in the collection of works by Lord Hastings, with the possible exception of one or two water-colours, to interest anyone who cares for art. However, I can truly say that I do not think the work of the pupil appreciably inferior to that of the master, Diego Rivera; so I hope his Lordship will think that I am being civil. Far more serious is the decadence of the East London Group. These young painters have for some years attracted sympathetic attention because, in spite of patent defects and ineptitudes, they, or some of them at any rate, possessed the great merit of appearing to mean it. And now, suddenly, the best of them have fallen into mannerisms. The Steggles brothers, who only a year ago seemed each to be asserting a distinct personality, in this show seem, both of them, bent on producing a proprietary brand of painting. Either can turn you out at short notice a "Steggles." The article is pretty enough, but prettiness is not enough, especially from an artist of whom one had hoped much. What has happened is, I surmise, that the brothers—especially W. J. who was always the more gifted—have now learnt their craft so well that they feel no desire to exercise anything else. A few years ago when he—W. J.—painted a barrel or a rope, he had to keep his eye fixed passionately on the object in order to render it. Now he could probably do it from memory. Brynhild Parker was always the most brilliant of the band: she is brilliant still, but she seems content to be brilliant about nothing in particular. What the East London Group wants is new blood. A few new members, inspired with the ardour and sincerity from which the group arose, might set new standards which would provoke in the older fresh enthusiasm and dissatisfaction with their lately acquired facility.

It is easy to be nasty, and even funny, about Winterhalter. He was born to be the joy of the vulgar great because he could give to the dear, disgusting qualities of the oleograph and the camera-study a spurious air of being art. He knew enough about Ingres for that. Because he was the fashionable portrait-painter of the age he has been compared with Lawrence, which is absurd. Lawrence was always a painter and sometimes an artist: Winterhalter was neither ever. Though this collection at Knoedler's has been made with extraordinary cleverness it shows clearly enough that his drawing was purely mechanical—Meissonier at his worst, or best—and his colour nothing but millinery. His paint represents, it never expresses. It would be fairer and more profitable to compare him with some such portraitist as Laszlo: then his merits would stand out. For, though no psychologist and devoid of subtlety, he had a sense of personality, of superficial personality if you will—the personality of Victorian royalty. And as he thus particularised the heroes and heroines of what is now our favourite reading, nineteenth-century memoirs and biographies, the exhibition at Knoedler's is fascinating.

Epstein's flower-paintings at Tooth's will not disappoint his admirers. They are as dashing and splashing as those tree-paintings we saw in his last exhibition, from which, indeed, they are essentially indistinguishable. It goes without saying that he has made a statue of Haile Selassie. However much one may admire Mr. Epstein as a sculptor one cannot but feel that he would have made an even better publicity agent.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Witch of Edmonton," at the Old Vic.

A supremely good production of a very curious and beautiful play, a play moreover which is brilliant with vitality. Next week we propose to give it proper notice. In the meanwhile we recommend it urgently to everyone interested in the theatre. Plays are never given long runs at the Old Vic, and most critics have treated this production with astonishing obtuseness.

"Laughter Over London," at the Victoria Palace

Here's a music-hall show, with Mr. Lou Holtz playing compère. He is a Jewish-American, whose personality does not at first seem very striking, but it soon appears that he has talent enough to carry almost any show on his shoulders, and this show does not need any carrying. It is the best music hall we have seen in years. Mr. Robey is as fruity as a Christmas pudding, deprecatory, episcopally bland, with every movement of finger or eye compactly expressive. Mr. Billy Bennett, exuberant as the brass and mahogany of a saloon-bar, is ripely Rowlandson. Mr. Clyde Haker does a horridly comic turn as a cheapjack; June Hart and Jack Holland do "ballroom dancing" as well as it can be done. Messrs. Walter "Dare" Wohl and John Travers give the funniest athletic act you ever saw, and the three Diamond Brothers are the best thing even in this show. Mr. David Burns seconds Mr. Lou Holtz with tact, talent and character. The jokes are as steep and sexy as any we have seen on the English stage, except in classics. Those who go to the music hall for refaned pleasure, like contraltos singing drawing-room ballads and pianists playing Liszt at record speed, will not like *Laughter Over London*. But it should delight the Cockney audiences which have split their sides over physical fun and smutty puns ever since Shakespeare provided these grossnesses with such exuberance and gusto.

"Henry V," at the Ring, Blackfriars

Shakespeare has long been used as a convenient, vile body for misguided experimentalists. Electricians, choreographers, experts in *decor*, matinée idol actor-managers, and theory-ridden producers have mangled him after their various fashions. He has survived the open air and avoided the corruption of celluloid. But very rarely has he been allowed to make his own voice heard. The Marlowe Society, the O.U.D.S., the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, and the Maddermarket at Norwich have given the fellow a chance from time to time, but London has heard little from its greatest dramatist. The Bankside Players Sunday Society with their director, Robert Atkins, have determined to produce Shakespeare's plays so that the words can be heard without interference from fuss, padding, or the whimsies of actor or producer. They have begun producing *Henry V* on Sunday nights at the boxing ring at Blackfriars. The building is excellently suited for their purpose. A reasonably close imitation of an Elizabethan stage has been constructed without pedantry—indeed, almost of necessity. The "atmosphere" produced by the boxing bills posted round the wooden O is just right. The learned will compare all-in wrestling with bear-baiting. The audience is mixed and alive. All the actors wants to hear *Henry V* acted for the first time must visit Blackfriars. Shakespeare's special pleading for his least sympathetic of heroes comes out clear—no longer cluttered up with pageantry of the Drury Lane variety. The whole business of the war is infinitely more

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plausible when no effort except the poet's is made to make it life-like. And the subtlety and charm of the love scene between Henry and Katherine need the intimacy of this kind of theatre to get across. Hubert Gregg ranted, chopped logic, and made love in a properly young raw way as Henry V. Andrew Leigh brought Fluellen to life brilliantly. All the actors spoke the words set down for them clearly and well—with the possible exception of Exeter, who mouthed; and the timing was just fast enough. The Bankside Players are offering Shakespeare unadulterated. But, as a lady in the audience was heard to say: "You can't get away from the fact that these Courts of two or three people look *shabby*, my dear."

"Sabotage," at the Tivoli

When we think of British films, our first thought is of Henry VIII and all that, but it is Mr. Alfred Hitchcock who is responsible for our most truly typical pictures. Hitchcock's films lately have grown more and more alike; they are already as standardised as the work of several Hollywood directors. But they are good stuff, and there is always the hope that some day soon they may cease to be such rattling good stuff and become much better films. At present they are too tricky, too trivial, too precise in detail, too vague in general idea to be regarded as anything but brisk, formless entertainment. America acclaimed *The* 39 *Steps*, which was on the whole inferior to *The Man Who Knew Too Much*; and probably his new film, which makes more sense and is neater in every way than *Secret Agent*, will be less popular than that glaring example of Hitchcock at his cleverest, most careless and most wasteful of first-class material. In many minor but important respects this "old hand" is the ablest director we've got: his work is quick-witted, convincing, well-timed in its detail; he can handle "atmosphere" and contrive suspense; he excels at caricature and could perhaps create character; the everyday England he depicts on the screen is jaunty, drab, crowded, self-conscious and familiar enough to seem slightly exaggerated—which probably means that it's accurate. How typical, too, that his speciality should be murder and mystery stories, bright blood-curdling make-believe, a complacent inexplicable mixture of the practical and the nonsensical—the very thing for a nation of tired shopkeepers! Then what's wrong with his films that they so narrowly miss being ideal entertainment? Clearly they could do with a lot more logic and less romance. We are not quite so tired as all that! The four above-mentioned Hitchcock films were taken from stories by Buchan, Chesterton, Somerset Maugham and Conrad; the adaptation of all four, rather than uninspired, was faulty—but least so in the case of his latest film. And though, thanks to the script, the acting talents of Herr Oscar Homolka were hardly extended on the character of Verloc, the terrorists' tool, others in the cast, notably Master Desmond Tester, made admirable use of more ample opportunities.

Gouaches and Small Oils at the Mayor Gallery

This is a particularly enjoyable exhibition—Rouault, Klee, Duncan Grant, Miró, Keith Baynes, Graham Sutherland and Roy de Maistre. The Rouaults have the richness of stained glass—he is a most curious and admirable artist, who seems to gaze with hatred at the world and then turn its ugliness to beauty. Klee's works are as precious as Sung porcelain. Miró's water-colours are savagely decorative (and rightly too, look at numbers 1 and 5). Duncan Grant is here at his happiest, lyrical, spontaneous, and poetic. His *Harvesting* and *Fruit* have a beauty of colour which no other English painter, we think, could approach. And his Venus, floating in a round shell, seems one of the best paintings he has yet exhibited. Keith Baynes uses *gouache* very felicitously—the circus pictures are altogether successful—and it is to be hoped that he will persevere in this medium, which suits his sensitive talent. Mr. Graham Sutherland, who is almost infallible when he designs pottery or posters, seems still to be picking his way rather uncertainly in water-colour. But his four paintings are personal and very promising. (In Toreador's sense, a stock to hold for a rise). Mr. Roy de Maistre is more difficult to define. He is very gifted, but somehow does not succeed in putting his gifts to their full use. This is a show to delight all who prefer painting to theories about painting.

The Dunlop Art Society at the Burlington Galleries

The employees of the Dunlop Rubber Company run an Art Society, and here is a show of over a thousand exhibits from eighteen countries. The first impression is rather alarming, for here are paintings and drawings, sculpture and photographs, poems and embroidery and every sort of handicraft, executed in a vast variety of styles, and reflecting the chaos of the modern world. But how much happiness is reflected in this exhibition, which declares that nearly five hundred men and women find recreation from work which must in most cases be chiefly mechanical in using their hands and eyes and imaginations? The most remarkable feature of the show, it must be admitted, is the superiority of the Japanese exhibits. Not only are there admirable Kakemono in the traditional style—*Grapes in a Basket* by R. Hayashi (289) is so exquisite a work that it metamorphosised one critic into a purchaser—but the paintings in the European manner by M. Murikami and M. Fujiwara would hold their own splendidly in any mixed show by professional European artists. It is extraordinary that the Japanese should retain their aesthetic sensibility so entire when the whole pattern of their traditional life has been so altered. The European artists are evidently more the prey of the civilisation in which they live. The photographs show a high level of taste, especially those by Royden, Wilkinson, F. L. Beech, E. S. Tompkins and W. Crone. And among the painters one may, perhaps invidiously, mention with admiration Mlle. Marcelle Perey, Erik Gleave, G. Brindley, Miss B. M. Goodwin and D. E. Woodall. Among the handicrafts there is a quilt by Mrs. T. R. Sullivan and a clock by A. Willans which specially caught our fancy. This stimulating exhibition left us wondering how European taste could be trained to rival the fastidious sensibility of these Oriental workmen. (We forgot to mention a specimen of Chinese calligraphy by F. T. Hoa, which is pure pleasure to the eye). In England, and especially in the schools controlled by the L.C.C., well-directed efforts are being made to educate the eye; and this show has some admirable children's pictures by Betty Cowsill and Robert Saunders. If our civilisation succeeds in tidying itself up, the substitution of creative activities for passive and machine-made amusements will certainly be a most important result. The Dunlop Art Society has set an example which the employees of other firms should be encouraged to follow.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 11th—
  Speech by Gerald Heard, Peace Pledge Bookshop, 36 Ludgate Hill, 1.30.
SATURDAY, December 12th—
  Artists International Association. Exhibition of Paintings by Epstein, Henry Moore, Duncan Grant and others in aid of the International Column Ambulances, 46 Frith Street. Open until December 24th.
  Children's Film Society, Everyman Cinema, Hampstead, 11.
SUNDAY, December 13th—
  Reginald A. Reynolds on "Civilisation and the Backward Races," Conway Hall, 11.
  Film Society Performance, New Gallery, 2.30.
  John Murphy on "The Soviet Constitution and Capitalistic Democracy," 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3, 6.15.
  Mrs. Charlotte Haldane on "Some Psychological Aspects of Propaganda," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
  Hugh Gaitskell on "Socialism and Foreign Trade," 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1; 8.
MONDAY, December 14th—
  Public Meeting in aid of "A People's Front for Britain." Speeches by John Strachey, Robert Boothby, G. D. H. Cole and others Friends' House, Euston Road, 8.
  "The Boy David," His Majesty's Theatre.
  "The Rape of the Lock," Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich.
TUESDAY, December 15th—
  Reunion and Bazaar in aid of Dr. Martin's Fund for the Relief of Suffering in Abyssinia, Caxton Hall, 11.
  Eugenics Society. Wing-Com. A. W. H. James and others on "Voluntary Sterilisation—the Work of the Past Year," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
  Lord Eustace Percy on "Culture, Philosophy and Faith," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.
WEDNESDAY, December 16th—
  Dr. R. R. Kuczynski on "Statistics and Child Welfare in African Colonies," 14 North Street, Smith Square, 5.30.
  John Strachey on "A Popular Front for Britain," Conway Hall, 8.
THURSDAY, December 17th—
  Emile Burns on "Spain and the Soviet Union's Fight Against International Fascism," Granville Hall, Finchley, 8.
  Public Meeting on "Imperialism in India," Caxton Hall, 8.
FRIDAY, December 18th—
  Discussion between Lord Allen of Hurtwood and Gerald Heard on "Pacifism and War Resistance," Friends' House, Euston Road, 8.

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THE catalogue of fear: the loss of those we love, the painful diseases of which we and they are liable to die,

> Age and age's evils, hoar hair,
> Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's worst, winding sheets, tombs and worms and tumbling to decay;

—not forgetting also the fear of outliving the world we know and seeing it tumbled upside down about our ears in our old age—these are but a selection which we firmly set aside, calling them "morbid," because we know such things are inescapable, and life, meanwhile, is sweet. Yet the fear is always there within us. The more we suppress it the greater it grows, and though we will not face the "morbid" facts, we find relief in admitting our fear in other little ways. Fear, as many must have said, is a great savage wolf inside us. We spend our lives in pretending that there is no wolf there—

> Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear
> The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble.

We do, in fact, perform a transmutation of our fear, such as Macbeth prayed for, though we rarely have hearts stout enough to face a rhinoceros. It is more usual, when the strain becomes unendurable, to admit to each other the existence of a little dog. It is not a big wolf at the bottom of our hearts that will eat us up—oh dear no! But there is a rampaging little puppy. And to show how small and amusing our fear is, we whistle him out and take him for an airing. Just look how comically fierce the Scottie is, what a little wild beast, how he bites and tugs at the hem of our coats, and even draws a little blood occasionally with his sharp teeth. Playing with the little dog and working him up into a real rage distracts us from the thought of the wolf. This is the reason for our love of imaginary horrors, the make-believe and half believed in fears of the dark, of burglars under the bed, of meeting homicidal lunatics in trains, of finding strange corpses hanging behind the bathroom door and messages from the Black Hand pushed through the letterbox. In particular, it explains the attraction of spiritualism and our traditional love of hearing ghost stories read aloud beside the cosy fire at Christmas time. We play with the belief that there really is something uncanny round the corner, and the traditional ghost story, making our flesh creep just a little, lays the greater fear of which we won't admit the existence in our hearts. Horrible imaginings, contrary to the words of Macbeth, are less than present fears.

* * *

The traditional ghost story is usually ineffective. Whatever the author's natural gifts in making flesh creep, the materials he works with have lost their power to frighten us. This Christmas H. G. Wells shows us that the ghost story need not be feeble. *The Croquet Player* (Chatto, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is indeed the most effective ghost story I remember, but it is not, of course, traditional. Mr. Wells has always possessed a very great power of narrative; he can always tell a simple story supremely well. The trouble has been that he has not wanted to tell simple stories but to throw on paper vast inventories of his spiritual progress and of the social life of our age. He has gigantic exuberance and has naturally inclined to swipe with Goliath's sword instead of hurling one polished pebble from David's sling. But no one can hurl the pebble with more deadly accuracy than the Goliath Wells, and short stories such as *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Country of the Blind*, *The Island of Doctor Moreau* show a consummate power of direct narrative. And all of them, in various ways, are far more bloodcurdling than ordinary ghost stories just because each contains a new and terrible idea. In *The Croquet Player* Mr. Wells has suddenly gone back to this early form. It is a ghost story with an idea. So, if any readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION can let their thoughts wander from the problem of reconciling the King's wish to marry with the consecration of a bottle of oil to be poured on his hair, I should like to assure them that there is no better or cheaper Christmas present to be given than this little three-and-sixpenny book. It will not, of course, make everyone think, but the great advantage of books is that they can put ideas ready-made into men's unthinking heads. *The Croquet Player* does that.

* * *

The Croquet Player himself sits at Les Noupets and sips his vermouth, waiting until it is time for lunch, or tea, or a game of croquet with his aunt. He is a blameless character, more blameless than you or I, and it is a cruel fate which leads him to listen to the tale of the young doctor who had overworked at his hospital and then retired to a country practice in the fens. In those black and fertile marshlands, bordering on the brecks where primitive man quarried his flints, there is no shelter to be found for miles. Everything is wide open to the eye and Ely stands up like a great ship in the distance. And here the overworked young doctor begins to feel fear; fear of a brooding hostility and of cruelty. Now Mr. Wells is not just making this up: persecution mania of the kind he describes is common in the fen country. There is something uncanny about the fens, and the belief in witchcraft, which was once universal in the fens, and which led to the most horrible cruelties, probably survives under those wide horizons to this day. It is easy to feel an instinctive fear of a whole district; to feel that an evil spirit emanates from the very ground. It is a fear of this kind, a fear of the embodied cruelty of man's past, that overwhelms the young doctor, and when he can bear it no longer, and the reader's flesh is growing goosey, he seeks out a psychiatrist. And then the blameless croquet player, who has listened to the young doctor, hears it all explained and cleared up. The reader is confident that though the puppy I spoke about before has growled and bitten us, we shall be told that after all it is only a nice little dog and that we can pat him now. But Mr. Wells springs a surprise: he is not really interested in our transmutations, our ghostly fears. The psychiatrist explains, but his explanation only makes things worse as he shows a real and terrible fear.

* * *

When I was a small boy I had just this experience of reading a ghost story, the explanation of which I found far more terrifying than the gruesome phenomena it explained. It was called *The Case of Mrs. A* and was to be found as an appendix to T. H. Huxley's little handbook on *Human Physiology*. Mrs. A used to see ghosts in her drawing room; innocent ones at first: she used to shoo non-existent cats off the chairs—and then began to see her dead brother sitting in an empty chair while the family were having tea. Huxley's explanation was so thoroughly materialistic and matter of fact that he convinced me that I was just as likely as Mrs. A to see ghosts at any moment. At ten years old the idea that rationalism and common sense provided no protection whatever against seeing ghosts made the whole subject seem much worse. And of course it is worse: present fear, i.e., facing the facts, is worse than horrible imaginings. Our ghost story of the fens turns, in Mr. Wells's hands, into a Christmas sermon. Yet the story is so slight and so perfect a little work of art that we can almost dodge its message. Like the polished pebble from David's sling, it leaves us superficially with hardly a mark; only a bruise on the brainbox. When we have finished it we shall hurry off like the hero who has to have a game of croquet with his aunt. But our mood will be that of Drake finishing his game of bowls after the Armada had been sighted, or our coolness may be the coolness of despair. *The Croquet Player* is in short not only a ghost story but a tract for the times which could not have come at a more opportune moment. Not because it is Christmas, but because we have to face the facts and to do something about them.

DAVID GARNETT

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This is the first complete *biography* to be published in English of the great painter whose life was already a legend before his death in 1903. "It is," says Sir John Squire, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "the account of a character and history which is fascinating quite apart from the merits of Gauguin's works." Mr. Burnett "writes with remarkable detachment and common sense" says the *Times Literary Supplement* in the course of a long review.

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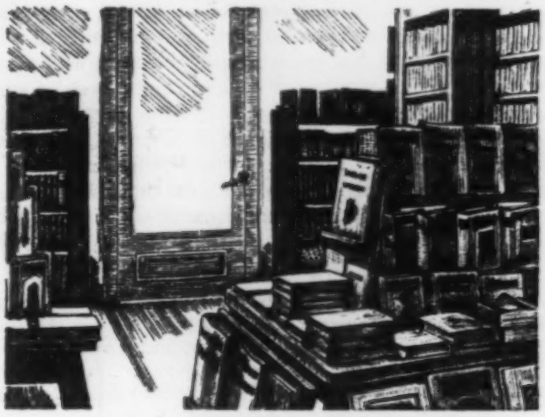

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THE EARNEST AGE

Victorian England : Portrait of an Age. By G. M. YOUNG. *Oxford Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. G. M. Young's essay at the end of *Early Victorian England*, a summing up as brilliant as it was judicious, received from critics the applause which it deserved. The first 102 pages of his new book are a reprint of this essay: in the remaining 85 pages he describes, considers and judges the Late Victorian Age. He explains shortly, moreover, his conception of what history would be. He is so old-fashioned as to believe in the desirability, and even, it seems, in the possibility, of " the disinterested mind."

> In the daily clamour for leadership, for faith, for a new heart or a new cause, I hear the ghost of late Victorian England whimpering on the grave thereof. To a mature and civilised man no faith is possible except faith in the argument itself, and what leadership therefore can he acknowledge except the argument whithersoever it goes.

I fancy that I detect in him a nostalgia for the old agricultural society, with squire and parson as the focal points of its orderly ellipse. But any prejudices that he has he keeps in admirable control, and I could find hardly a detail on which to challenge him, unless it were his theory that the Dilke divorce deprived Liberalism of the leader it required. Dilke had intellect, energy, knowledge and integrity, all in a remarkable degree. But he was heavy and pedantic, a walking Blue Book; and no bore, I think, could ever be the successful leader of a progressive party.

I also venture to disagree with—perhaps because I cannot understand—his definition of " the final and dominant object of historical study " as " the origin, content, and articulation of that objective mind which controls the thinking and doing of an age or race, as our mother-tongue controls our speaking." This pronouncement seems to me opaque. By " objective mind " does he mean more, I wonder, than that certain ways of thought and feeling may in a particular time and place become widespread and markedly influential ? What does in fact emerge from Mr. Young's book is not a Procrustean portrait of a mind (objective or otherwise), but the impression of a bustling and anarchical luxuriance, which he has illuminated with occasional generalisations, but upon which he has been too wise to impose an interpretation. This impression is perhaps aggravated unnecessarily by the absence of chapter-headings. The reader never knows where he is being led, nor can he with any convenience refresh his memory of what he has been shown, for there is no index. A patient reader, armed with pencil and notebook, could doubtless work out the logical plan of the structure, but most people will merely admire confusedly the vast variety of beautifully ornamented elevations erected by Mr. Young's wit and erudition.

He does, however, make very clear that there are two main periods in the reign, and between them a time of transition. (The watershed comes somewhere in the Sixties.) The subtitle of the book, indeed, might be *Portrait of Two or Three Ages*.

> When we think of all the forces, all the causes at work in the sixty-three years of her reign: with how few of them she was in sympathy, how few she understood; we must find it ironically strange that Victoria should, by the accident of a youthful accession and a long reign, have been chosen to give her name to an age, to impose an illusory show of continuity and uniformity on a tract of time, where men and manners, science and philosophy, the fabric of social life and its directing ideas, changed more swiftly perhaps, and more profoundly, than they have ever changed in an age not sundered by a political or a religious upheaval. If the Queen, and not Prince Albert, had died in 1861, we might have set against each other the Victorian and Edwardian ages, and seen in the contrast the most striking example in our history of pacific, creative, unsubversive revolution.

The most prominent feature of the Early Victorian Age was a prodigious increase in population, in riches, in order, and in puritanism. The boisterous Hogarthian disorder of the Georgian reigns disgusted and appalled the Evangelical bourgeoisie which was becoming the dominant class. In 1835 the stink of the Thames at Westminster, Mr. Young tells us, still made it impossible to keep open the windows of the House of Commons. And " with 250,000 vagrants on the pad and all the village idiots at large, the unprotected female really had something to be afraid of." Mr. Young explains the importance of the enquiries and Blue Books of the Thirties and Forties in the work of social sanitation. (I have sometimes wondered whether olfactory sensibility did not suddenly become more acute, remembering that under Lewis the Fourteenth the great staircase at Versailles was used as a latrine.) Cleanliness, in any case, suddenly was placed next to godliness : the middle classes imposed neatness on the proletariat, and religion upon the aristocracy. " Lord Hatherton used to say that in 1810 only two gentlemen in Staffordshire had family prayers ; in 1850 only two did not." By no effort of sympathetic imagination can we enter the minds of the pious (and " progressive ") millowners who worked small children fifteen hours a day, and resisted with righteous indignation all attempts to stop this monstrosity. Mr. Young admirably says of Victorian England " its practical ideals were at odds with its religious professions, and its religious belief was at issues with its intelligence." For my part I think that the disgust which this hypocrisy arouses now is entirely justified, and I continue to read Lytton Strachey's books with unabated pleasure. But great material reforms were certainly carried through by the Early Victorians, and they did not invent sweated labour. It spread hideously in their time, but it was an inheritance from the age which we are agreed to call " polite."

The difference between the Early and Late Victorian Ages is largely a difference between optimism and disquietude. Business men grew richer and richer, the British Empire set its bounds wider and wider, but Macaulay's philistine complacency was replaced by the shrinking bewilderment and fastidious alarm of Matthew Arnold. (This bewilderment was found only among the intellectuals.) " O life unlike to ours ! " he cries to the Scholar Gipsy (and he might have been addressing the less romantic figure of Macaulay),

> Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
> Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
> And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
> Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

What had intervened ? " Darwin " would apparently be Mr. Young's answer. (But Macaulay did not believe any more than Arnold in the infallibility of Scripture—he merely did not worry about his disbelief.)

" As Early Victorian thought is regulated by the conception of progress, so the late Victorian mind is overshadowed by the doctrine of Evolution," Mr. Young writes ; and adds, " But evolving what ? . . . A Socratic search for the good had begun again." Ruskin, Browning, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold—the variety of creeds and questionings was enormous. " Representative institutions and the Family were the only beliefs not debated or assailed." And here we come close to one Victorian feature which to-day seems specially surprising. One can understand that the Victorian rationalists had to go again over all the arguments about the Scriptures and the Church as if Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists had never existed : the Evangelical and Tractarian movements had intervened, and moreover there were new arguments to serve up, based on geological and biological discoveries. But one can less easily understand why they stopped so far short of their predecessors in their conclusions and moral philosophy. There were no apparent grounds for supposing that the survival of the fittest could be identified with the survival of the chastest ; yet the Victorian agnostics were almost more sternly puritanical than their adversaries. And they were correspondingly indignant when churchmen very logically pointed out that the rejection of supernatural sanctions must lead to a rejection of the specific morality dependent upon these sanctions. Here we come very close, I think, to an important Victorian *differentia*. Sir Leslie Stephen, substituting long walks for long prayers, and Alps for sanctuaries, but as severe as Pusey in his attitude to pleasure, is in his earnestness equally remote from the eighteenth-century Gibbon and the twentieth-century Strachey.

It would, of course, be a mistake to suppose that the Victorian *stimmung* was ever all-enveloping. Mr. Young might have pointed out that Peacock survived till 1866, the year in which Swinburne published his *Poems and Ballads*, and Pater his essay, at least equally shocking, on Winckelmann. Here we have the Eighteenth and Twentieth Centuries joining hands, as it were, in the very heart of the Nineteenth. It was, in fact, the aesthetes (and the financiers), not the agnostics, who did most to break up the Victorian nexus. Oscar Wilde was brought down by Victorianism, but not till he had gravely wounded it. It can still pop up its pretty head, as we are having full occasion to observe ; in the provinces, and still more in the Dominions, taste in pictures (and in other matters) remains very Victorian ; but when all London flocked to a play punningly entitled *The Importance of Being Ernest*, the decline of the Earnest Age became apparent.

Milk

AND THE WORKER'S HEALTH!

(The 'mid-morning' half-pint)

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRY

Every year, millions of pounds are lost in industry—through workers being 'laid up' with colds, influenza and other illnesses.

This loss falls equally on the employer, whose output is disorganised; and on the employee, whose wage-earning is interrupted.

Many steps have been taken to reduce this incidence of illness during recent years. But there is one, of great value, that remains to be inaugurated—the assurance of a daily minimum of *milk* to every worker.

Milk has been rightly called the food of foods. Competent dietitians have stated with emphasis that it supplies nourishment in an unrivalled form. But milk does more than provide strength and energy. As stressed in a recent report of the League of Nations Committee on Nutrition: "Milk is of outstanding importance . . . because of its high *protective* value."

Unquestionable statistics have proved beyond doubt that in communities where plenty of milk is consumed, the proportion of illness has decreased—due largely to milk's high content of the "protective vitamins."

ISSUED BY THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

DRINKING MILK

AN ARGUMENT FROM EXPERIENCE

IN an office in the heart of Liverpool fifty typists have found an easy road to better health. Every morning at eleven o'clock they drink their daily half-pint of milk through straws from sterilised bottles and every month shows a shorter sick list and a better record of attendance at the office.

The story of this one firm in Liverpool could be retold many hundreds of times. It is a story that illustrates very plainly the steadily increasing benefits that the working-class community are beginning to derive from milk.

Some six years ago the typist staff of this firm numbered about twenty-five. In the winter months colds, influenza and the other attendant ills of winter were constantly claiming victims in the office. Typing, at the best of times, is not an invigorating pastime and, in the winter especially, the girls suffered from lower vitality and were very susceptible to infection. During the three months after Christmas at least 30 per cent. of the girls were affected by illness and between 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. working days were lost. To the employer, this loss was a grave one as business was retarded and the efficiency of the staff generally reduced. The work of absent typists had to be taken over by the ones remaining and they, in their turn, with the added strain of extra work, probably succumbed sooner or later.

In 1932 milk was first supplied to the office staff. The number of typists had, by then, increased to over forty and only by degrees were the majority of them persuaded to drink their eleven o'clock ration. Many of them took some time to give up the tea habit, but the anxious watching of kettles and clatter of cups and saucers was gradually superseded by the clean, trouble-free milk habit.

By 1935 the improvement in the general health of the typists was so marked that the attendance books of the firm were consulted and it was found that the percentage of lost working days during the winter months had dropped from 5½ per cent. to 2½ per cent. and that only 23 per cent. of the girls were being affected by illness instead of 30 per cent. The substantial drop in the number of lost working days was surprising as, by 1935, the number of employees had practically doubled. The simple, the only, answer was Milk. Because the girls were drinking it regularly they had more stamina and more power of resistance to infection.

This year the amazing results in this same firm are still being noted and every month shows a lower percentage of lost days and fewer absentees which is invaluable to the prosperity of the firm.

All offices, firms and factories, where milk is provided or milk canteens have been set up, could furnish similar statistics of improvement in health and efficiency. The importance of milk as a protective food, a builder of vital tissue and a tonic is only now becoming generally realised. To see the crowded milk bars in all the big cities of England is to recognise the growing popularity of milk.

Some years ago milk might justly have been considered an unattractive and chancy drink, but now the great precautions taken in the handling of milk and the clean, germ-free way it is presented in sterilised bottles or cartons eliminates the risk of infection and makes it a really palatable drink. So much has been done in the United States to make milk a popular stand-by for all classes of the population that I think we ought to be able to do likewise. National health has everything to gain from it and no industry is capable of doing more for the well-being of the country than the dairy industry.

SIR EDWARD GRIGG, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.P.

HEALTH IN THE FACTORY

NUTRITION is one of the most vital steps to national fitness, and there is one outstanding agency by which it can be assured to every worker. That is by the regular daily consumption of milk.

A simple example will make this clear. At our Bermondsey factory we allow three thousand five hundred workers two " breaks " of ten minutes each—one in the middle of the morning and one in the afternoon. The purpose of these " breaks " is to provide intervals for rest and refreshment, and their effect (as every industrialist who has studied such matters is aware) is to minimise fatigue, restore energy and make work more pleasant and more effective. Our women workers were accustomed to drink tea during these intervals, partly because of habit, partly because all the facilities for making tea were provided when the practice of giving rest periods was instituted.

Just over three years ago our Works Committee suggested—and it was decided to provide—facilities for the supply of milk in hygienically sealed bottles in the belief that it would be more largely consumed as a beverage pure and simple. How correct that assumption was is shown by the fact that some five hundred of our women workers choose milk to drink and consume it regularly in preference to anything else.

That is a matter of choice. The workers follow their own inclinations. We do not make any comparison between the work of the milk drinker and that of the tea drinker, because all we concern ourselves with in these domestic matters is to give all our employees the opportunities for rest and refreshment which will benefit them and consequently help their efficiency. It seems obvious, however, that a liquid food is a wise choice, especially for the woman worker, and that it is acceptable and satisfactory is proved by the large numbers who select it and consume it regularly day after day and year after year.

Our belief in the value of milk is shown in the most practical manner possible by our policy regarding juvenile workers. These enter our employ from school at the age of fourteen. The change to industrial conditions, however much they may be ameliorated, must necessarily be trying. Opportunities for exercise are lessened and factory work, however light, imposes physical strain which is bound to react upon youthful constitutions. In the cases of the young workers, we decided that the policy to pursue was to encourage the milk-drinking habit followed in the schools from which the majority of them come to us. We set aside a special canteen for them, and here we provide the familiar one-third pint of milk (complete with straws) exactly as they received in school. Up to the age of sixteen we encourage them to drink milk by charging them only one-half the cost and paying the other half ourselves.

This is not entirely altruistic. It is a deliberate business policy designed to safeguard the health of our juvenile workers during the trying transition period from the freedom of school life to the strength of adolescence. It is obvious that what is beneficial to them is also beneficial to the whole organisation, since weakness in any part reacts upon the efficiency of the entire human machine.

The provision of milk is the cheapest and most effective method of relieving the tension of working life and ensuring the health and strength of the recruits to our business. By safeguarding their constitutions to the best of our ability, we enable them to withstand the unaccustomed strain to which they become subjected, to work better with less fatigue, and to assimilate more easily and effectively the instructions which they receive. On milk, therefore, is largely based the efficiency of the rising generation of our workers.

It is interesting to reflect that without milk the world would be deprived of most of its familiar foods. At our Bermondsey factory alone we use vast quantities every day in the processes of biscuit making. But for milk many of our most popular varieties could not be made, and any milkless substitutes would be lacking in the nutriment which makes biscuits nourishing as well as acceptable to the palate.

The humble cow, when you come to think of it, is a national benefactor, because it provides not only the " food of foods " but also considerable employment, thus creating national wealth as well as national health.

G. H. DAVIES, Managing Director of Peek, Frean and Co.

THE COST OF HEALTH

No Chancellor of the Exchequer has a harder job than that which the housewives of Britain have to face each week—the job of balancing the household budget.

For the difficulty is not only in making the money go round, but in making sure that the money is well-spent. The family health and happiness depend upon it.

It was a very ancient writer who first recorded the perfect philosophy of a poor man confronted with a rich neighbour.

" You may be rich," the poor man said in effect, " but you cannot sleep in more than one bed at a time, you cannot eat more than one meal at a time, and your riches cannot make you live longer. Therefore, in the important things of life, we are equal."

For some reason or other, this excellent philosophy has gone topsy-turvy.

Recent investigations show that the richer half of the population buys more of some of the cheaper foods than the poorer half—and are all the better for it.

Let us take milk as an example. Compared with other commodities it is probably the cheapest food obtainable. For every penny spent on milk, you get more nourishment, more health, more stamina and more virility than the same sum spent on any other food can give.

Yet when Sir John Orr, the famous expert on nutrition, and his colleagues carried out their nation-wide investigation into the things that people eat, it was found that the families at the top end of the income scale drank five times as much milk as those at the bottom end.

Little more than a pint of milk a week for each person in the family is bought by those spending four shillings a week each on food.

The average working-class family, able to spend nine shillings a week for each person on stocking the larder, drinks just under three pints a week per head—which works out at about two-fifths of a pint per head per day.

But the minimum quantity of milk required for physical health and fitness is one pint per day for every man, woman and child. For manual workers as well as for those engaged in sedentary occupation, two pints a day would not be too much.

Sir John Orr's investigation showed that very few families indeed approach the minimum milk ration.

With milk still the cheapest foodstuff on the market, it is hard to understand why this should be so.

The only possible conclusion is that we have got so far from Nature in our diet that our sense of proportion has been lost.

Records show that, as a nation, we are falling more and more easily to illnesses and ailments, due, in a large measure, to wrong dieting.

Dr. N. Howard Mummery, chairman of the Association of Industrial Medical Officers, revealed the other day that workers insured under the National Health Insurance Act lose on an average 28 days' work a year through illness, compared with 16.5 days 15 years ago.

The cost of sickness benefit last year reached a record total of £26,148,000. And the amount of medicine consumed by panel patients has gone up in 12 years from 38,200,000 to 62,400,000 prescriptions a year.

These figures indicate conclusively that our powers of resistance even to the so-called minor ailments—influenza, colds, bronchitis and so on—are getting more and more feeble.

What must be done to remedy this state of affairs ?

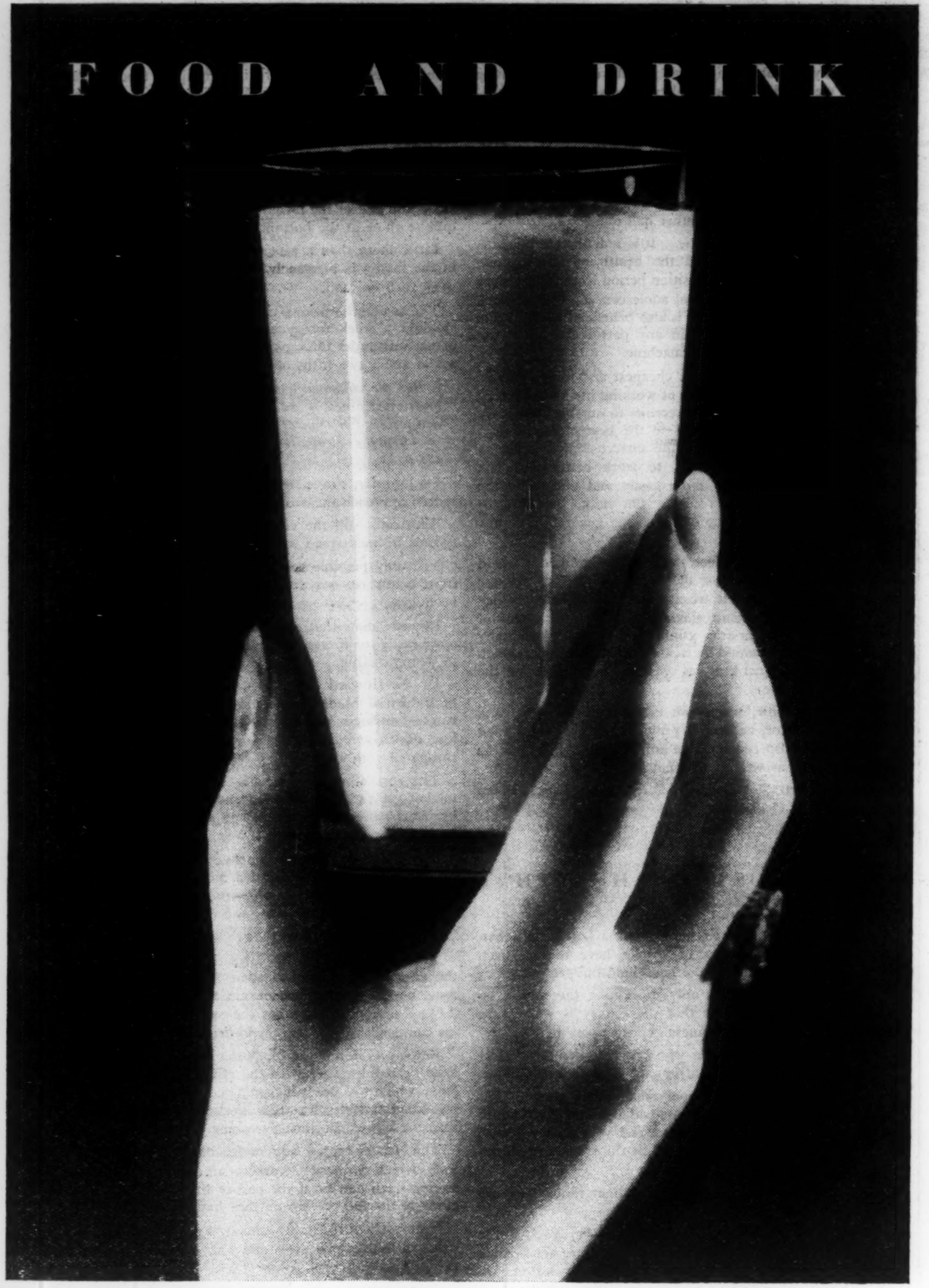
The Minister of Health, after the most careful survey of the situation, has decided that the consumption of milk must be increased if we are not to become permanently a " C.3 " nation, and he has the support of the Cabinet in his campaign to persuade us to drink more milk.

Employers in mills and factories in all parts of the country have been impressed with the effect of the milk-starvation from which we are suffering, and hundreds of them are providing facilities for their workers to obtain supplies of fresh milk to drink during working hours.

The results are already noticeable. The daily drink of milk which so many workers are enjoying leaves them feeling fresh and fit at the end of the day's work, ready to enjoy to the full the leisure they have earned.

Even without the improvement in general health, the daily drink of milk is proving a grand investment for workers on this score alone.

WILLIAM RAPLEY


FOOD AND DRINK

ISSUED BY THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

Mr. Young's book is remarkable alike for its concision and its comprehensiveness; it covers public health and private morals, education and agriculture, art and economics. It is packed with fascinating illustrations of his theme. (And though he inspires complete confidence, it is regrettable that he gives so few references.) Let me tear from their contexts three of the small significant facts which he uses so effectively:

> Kingsley (who described Shelley as a lewd vegetarian) correctly diagnosed Byron as an Evangelical gone wrong. Byron's objection to mixed bathing, even when the parties are married, as "very indelicate," comes from his Venetian period.
>
> "I want," said Bella Rokesmith to her husband, "to be something so much worthier than the doll in the doll's house." In the profusion of Dickens, the phrase might pass unnoticed. But Ibsen remembered it.
>
> In 1873, on the death of Mill, a public memorial was proposed. The story of his Malthusian activities was revived, and Mr. Gladstone ostentatiously withdrew his support.

The erudition which enables Mr. Young to draw upon an apparently inexhaustible supply of such details is allied with an admirable talent for summarising a situation:

> The incidents and circumstances, too, of this life: its durable furniture and stated hours; its evening reading and weekly church-going; its appointed visits from and to the hierarchy of grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins; a life which did not vary in essentials whether the holiday was spent at Balmoral or Broadstairs; gave to those who were within it a certain standing with themselves, and a cheerful confidence in the face of novelty, which is perhaps the clue to the Victorian paradox—the rushing swiftness of its intellectual advance, and the tranquil evolution of its social and moral ideals.

Victorianism is a subject dangerously vast for a short book, impossibly vast for a short review. But I hope that I have quoted enough to show that *Victorian England* is a book which all who are interested in history or literature must read. And they will find this obligation a pleasure.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Myself, My Two Countries. By X. M. BOULESTIN. *Cassell.* *12s. 6d.*

Leaves from My Unwritten Diary. By SIR HARRY PRESTON. *Hutchinson.* *12s. 6d.*

A Million Ocean Miles. By SIR EDGAR T. BRITTEN. *Hutchinson.* *8s. 6d.*

Polly and Freddie. By SIR FREDERICK KEEBLE. *Heinemann.* *10s. 6d.*

Amongst M. Boulestin's autobiographical anecdotes there is one which may be taken as a test case. One evening in the spring of 1918 he had reached the dessert-stage in the very agreeable Mess to which he was then attached, when an unexpected spatter of bombs fell from the inclement sky. The door was thrown open, a soldier crawled in and took cover under the piano,

> and proceeded to faint. He was slightly wounded.
>
> "Quick, give him some brandy," said somebody.
>
> This is the only time in my life that I have shown instantaneous presence of mind. A deep-rooted instinct prompted me. I rose, took the bottle of the fine 1865 brandy we were drinking, put it quickly in the cupboard and produced a bottle of some ordinary "Three Star" . . .

Well, the reader who appreciates that presence of mind will probably appreciate M. Boulestin's book throughout. If not, not. Actually, it is far from being the only, or even an outstanding, instance of his presence of mind: his life has been dexterously shaped out of polite emergencies which he has handled with agreeable competence, consistently declining the rough for the smooth. And the story of so knowledgeable a *débrouillard* cannot be altogether dull or unprofitable.

Unprofitable, in the bookkeeper's sense, his early years undoubtedly were. A quiet family upbringing in Poitiers and Périgord, half in town and half in country, shaped his boyhood, and a wise measure of freedom in his reading filled him with a passion for the poets and plays dominating the French horizons of thirty years ago. After his military service (*débrouillard* already, he bluffed his way very prettily into the regimental band, making his total ignorance of a saxophone inaudible by removing its reed), he embarked on a young hopeful's literary career in Paris. But here, on the contrary, a certain *embrouillement* set in, as he cast in his lot with the famous Willy shortly before the "Claudine" wave rose to its crest. The glimpses he offers us of the astonishing Willy-Colette *ménage* are vivid, although tantalisingly brief; but perhaps only a psychical researcher could properly expound the related problems of ghosts and ghosted. However, it was during this apprenticeship that M. Boulestin first saw, and was infatuated by, London, his future battlefield, his fortunate prey. And when an artistic-social explosion blew up his Paris base, it was not uncongenial to fall back on England. But hardly had his ingenuity and talents gained him a comfortable footing there, when his new career as an interior decorator was blown sky-high by the outbreak of war. As an interpreter, M. Boulestin was able to cultivate in the camp a number of talents which, in a more directly bellicose capacity, might have withered or been obliterated, and some of his best pages are devoted to his war-time experiences, very agreeably recounted, and often touching a point of high comedy. He returned in 1919 to a profoundly changed London, and to the task of making a new career. For a time it was hard going, but with the slow return of fairly civilised standards a Boulestin was bound to find his opening. He did: in the gastronomic fields with which his name is now mainly associated. Almost the only disappointment in his very entertaining autobiography is that it breaks off just when indisputable success, apparently, had come to him with the founding of the Southampton Street restaurant which succeeded the tentative one at the corner of Panton Street. But perhaps that is only to whet the appetite for a second volume.

In the posthumous reminiscences of Sir Harry Preston, late of the Royal Albion Hotel at Brighton, we breathe an air which is breathed by the less fastidious. Bottles of "the boy" pop and spume; titles abound; large-size, hot-news celebrities wander in and out; there are "stunning" girls in the background, and everybody seems to be "my old friend." It is, in fact, the book of a professional good mixer—a very competent one too, who deserved his own kind of success and all the rather heady pleasure he got out of it. The best part of his book (apart from the racy account of his early struggles) is the hundred pages or so which he devotes to his memories of boxers and fights. Much of this is excellent, especially the evocation of that extraordinary night when Carpentier knocked out Beckett at the Stadium Club in 1919. Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw have recorded that seventy-three-seconds battle; Sir Harry Preston has rounded off the story with details, social and technical, of an episode redolent of the early post-war era. Students of back-stage contemporary history will also appreciate Sir Harry's account of the time when, in his own words, "the World Economic Conference was on in town," and how, at the very comprehensive bar provided for delegates in the Geological Museum, Mr. J. H. Thomas delivered a spirited attack on M. Litvinov for drinking vodka. But as a whole the feeding in this book is too mixed to be easily digestible.

The reminiscences of Sir Edgar Britten, captain of the *Queen Mary*, have been hurried into print within three weeks of his sudden death. The seventeen chapters were all, apparently, written before he took over his last command, and make a very haphazard zig-zag narrative of some forty years at sea, in ships that seem to grow larger and larger. The commodore's memories run on conventional lines, and are eked out with some anecdotes and essays from subordinates, and a chapter or two of elementary exposition of how a great liner is actually worked. Nothing is said about his last and greatest command: it would have been interesting to have the free comments of so able an officer on the *Queen Mary* fantasia of last spring.

Sir Frederick Keeble's *Polly and Freddie* is announced, in red, on the wrapper as his autobiography. Well, so it is, in a way. But, if anything, it seems to me rather a whimsical essay on *l'art d'être grandpère*, interspersed with lesser disquisitions in a wistful vein about biology, through all of which wanders a little boy of fifty years ago, Freddie, fondly attached to Polly, a very sensible young woman whom he adores. The child being father to the man, Sir Frederick is deeply interested in Freddie:

> Like the amoeba, life is constantly changing shape and direction. How dull and meaningless would be a biography of an amoeba which described every twist and turn the amoeba makes! How interesting to find out what makes the amoeba twist and turn! That's what I've been trying to do with Freddie.

And then there is Jackie, a little grandson, to be explored also. And everybody has pet names. And there are too many moments when it is all too intimate and one feels too much of an intruder and too, too shy.

HAMISH MILES

DO YOU LIKE MR. AGATE?

Ego 2. By JAMES AGATE. *Gollancz.* 18*s*.

I feel one ought to say: This will never do. Seldom does one meet a book so long, and so high-priced, with so little in it.

But Mr. Agate is in it: it is Mr. Agate's special distinction as a writer to be all there. Beside his extreme presentness, other writers seem, if not non-existent, at least to have their personal being in some kind of limbo of the half-actual. And the real question is here, as always: Do you like Mr. Agate?

There are reasons for liking him. His character has one great charm and virtue: its want of egoism—taking egoism, that is, in the only way which seems valid, as an attitude towards other people. Mr. Agate would come off well under Schopenhauer's definition of the good man, as "one who makes less difference between himself and others than is usually made." His perceptions have no hard line round them: he laps up experience without any of the reservations and checks of the self-regarding. This quality must make him a companion unparalleled: no wonder his friends write about him on a somewhat hysterical note. Conrad has said that on board a ship the only man worth talking to is the captain: I should think Mr. Agate excites that kind of feeling in social intercourse—after his prompt, gleeful responsiveness, the usual tepid ear-lending must seem very flat. To him, it is worth while saying a good thing; he will certainly enjoy it, he will almost certainly publish it, and he will never forget or omit to name its originator. Write him a good letter, and he publishes that. Everyone writes letters to Mr. Agate. He delights in praise; he is equally open to picturesque abuse, or to confutation. For instance, he once launched out, in a weekly article, upon Good and Evil—only to receive his philosophical head on a charger, by the next post: this detailed and "excellent" answer he prints in full, ending cheerfully: "From which I conclude that my metaphysics are a wash-out!" He has a right to say with Montaigne: "Je receoy et advoue toute sorte d'attainctes qui sont de droict fil." "The only conclusion one can come to," one of his dislikers once wrote to him, "is that you are the possessor of a very small, mean and petty mind." This neatly hits off the very last thing one can accuse him of.

Still he has dislikers. Though far indeed from agreeing with them, I see what they mean, and therefore venture to predict that they will find his diary much less offensive than his newspaper articles. Only they've heard it already—all about Clacton, and Southend, and golf, and trotting ponies, and Sarah Bernhardt: I'm afraid they will be apt to suggest, as the appropriate title for this and all subsequent volumes (Mr. Agate worries about his titles) "That Strain Again!" Even admirers, though without prejudice to their admiration, may flag sometimes.

In Mr. Agate's view, the function of the diarist is to preserve good things which otherwise would be lost: if so, he is undoubtedly the very person to keep a diary. Death is his *bête noire*; he can't make up his mind to it, or endure that it should get hold of anything at all which has once seemed good to him. And his book is, in fact, a challenge to the iniquity of oblivion. He picks up every scrap—jokes, articles, "letters to the editor," his own or other people's, it makes no difference: repeating even the almost too slight for repetition, and sometimes managing, by his own gift of actualness, to preserve its flavour. So, for instance, he quotes Miss Lilian Braithwaite on an actress who had recently had too many failures: "Of course she's a good actress. (Pause.) But somehow she seems to have lost the knack!"—or records a form of invitation to lunch at the Café Royal: "Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?" There are plenty of more defined witticisms, as the phrase about Hastings architecture, "divided between Early Wedding Cake and Late Water Closet," and the suggestion that the Bergner *As You Like It* should be rechristened *Elizabeth and Her German Arden*; but what attracts one is the prevailing atmosphere of talk and amusingness. One feels that Mr. Agate and his circle know how to live.

Or is it only that he, unlike the rest of us, takes things down?

They are not always worth it; that must be admitted, as the drawback of his appreciativeness. In particular, a good many of the letters are simply boring—though I forgave them all for one of Mr. George Mathew's, describing a broadcast from the Adelphi foyer on a Cochran first night. Should futility be abolished? that was the question it seemed to raise—rather a speculative one, but yet full of interest. If the B.B.C. always behaved with good sense, there would be no scenes of the kind described, therefore no descriptions of them. . . .

But to get back to fault-finding—Mr. Agate might really have let the Bergner squabble die down; instead of which, he has reprinted himself at length on the subject. Then there is a terrible lot about a poltergeist. There is rather too much about, and especially by, Mr. Agate's relatives. And, in general, if he had shortened the book one-third, it would have been one-third more entertaining. Also, it could have been recommended more safely at ten-and-sixpence; whether many people will think it worth the actual price, I can't say. But then, pleasure and pain are notoriously incommensurable.

K. JOHN

ADMIRAL WILLIAM BLIGH

Turbulent Journey: a Life of William Bligh, Vice-Admiral of the Blue. By OWEN RUTTER. *Nicholson and Watson.* 18*s*.

Over a century has elapsed since the death of Admiral Bligh, but until recent years the literature on him was scanty, and in some cases untrustworthy. To the majority of people his name will only be remembered by that unfortunate episode, the mutiny on the *Bounty*. But he had other claims to remembrance: he sailed under Captain Cook, 1776–1780; fought at the Dogger Bank, 1781; under Howe at Gibraltar in 1782; commanded the *Warrior* at Ushant in 1794; was Captain of the *Director* at Camperdown in 1797; and for his gallant conduct at Copenhagen in 1801 he was thanked by Nelson in person. He was, in fact, a magnificent seaman and brilliant navigator—a devoted husband and father—and above all tremendously loyal to his king and country, as witness the occasion when, surrounded by a howling mob at Government House, Sydney, in the midst of dinner, he calmly poured out a glass of wine, rose to his feet, and dramatically proposed "The health of the King!"

Bligh's career has always been the storm-centre of controversy, and Mr. Rutter rightly comes to the conclusion that only by examining the contemporary records is it possible to form an impartial estimate of the man and his character. He has done this dispassionately and with microscopic thoroughness. With the possible exception of Dr. Mackaness (whose *Life of Bligh* appeared in 1931), he has done more than any other writer to present us

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with a true picture of this much maligned sailor. Besides the present book he has published the Journals of Fryer and Morrison (the master and boatswain's mate of the *Bounty*); a full account of the trial of the mutineers; "The True Story of the Mutiny in the *Bounty*"; and he is now completing an edition of Bligh's Log. In case it should be thought that such a formidable contribution has tended to make the author whitewash his hero, let it be said at once that this is not the case. Mr. Rutter realises that Bligh had not the gift of winning popularity, a virtue which men like Nelson, Duncan and Collingwood possessed to a marked degree, and that "his tactlessness and passionate temper were the bane of his career," and that he had "the devilish knack of rolling off his tongue just those words that would be most wounding."

Bligh was born in 1754; he joined the Navy in 1770 as an able seaman, and was appointed midshipman six months after. Six years later he was appointed master of the *Resolution* under Cook. Just how he got the appointment is puzzling. Sir Joseph Banks, his patron and supporter, does not come into the story till later; it all points to exceptional ability in the man himself. During the voyage Mr. Rutter comments on the severity of some of Cook's punishments on the natives, and quotes from an unpublished journal in the Public Record Office. It is of interest to note that these punishments did not escape the vigilant eye of James Burney, whose account was published a few years ago. Bligh seems to have been on very bad terms with Cook and some of the other officers; he is particularly virulent against Molesworth Phillips, the Lieutenant of Marines. As a sedative to this it is as well to read the account of Burney, who also states that Cook lost his life through his inability to swim; an interesting fact which seems to have escaped Mr. Rutter. The author does not attempt to retell the story of the mutiny on the *Bounty* in any great detail; he has already done so in his other books. According to Bligh's log he "had hoped to perform the voyage without punishment to any one"; actually the ship was six weeks out before the first punishment is recorded. The feud between Bligh and Fletcher Christian (the leader of the mutineers) is thoroughly explored, and although Mr. Rutter cannot acquit the latter of the crime of mutiny, he is forced to admit that "there is no doubt that Bligh drove Christian to desperation." Above all, Bligh undoubtedly did commit a grave error of judgment in keeping the *Bounty* at Tahiti for such a lengthy period, and the blandishments of the ladies at this island paradise proved too much for the British tars. On the rest of Bligh's career, and the many "violent tornadoes of temper" which overwhelmed him at times, particularly during his stormy period as Governor of New South Wales, we have not the space to dwell. He was a fighter all his life, stubborn and pugnacious, but we should remember, as Mr. Rutter points out, that he only gave in once, and that was in 1788, when after three weeks' fight against wind and sea off Cape Horn, at times "lashed with a rope" to get his observations, he was forced to "put his helm a-weather." Such a man was Admiral Bligh, and above all we should remember with pride that he is the hero of one of the epic stories in our sea saga. We believe that Mr. Rutter has said the last word on him, and the character of the man stands out sometimes magnificently and sometimes dismally in this very interesting and informative book.

G. E. MANWARING

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A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM JAMES

The Thought and Character of William James. Two Volumes. Illustrated. By RALPH BARTON PERRY. *Oxford University Press.* 42s.

William James and his brother Henry grew to maturity in easy circumstances. Their grandfather, a native of Ulster, had acquired a fortune of $3,000,000, and although he was thrice married and begot fourteen children, the elder Henry was never under the necessity of adopting a regular profession. All his energies could be given to the bringing up of his sons—there were two besides the illustrious pair—and of his daughter, and to the theological speculation, "carried on in the plain sight of his household," which bore its strange, rich fruit after the "discovery" of Swedenborg and of Fourier in 1850. Much has already been written of this orator on the hearth: in 1885 William edited, with a pious scepticism, his father's literary remains, and we have met with him in *Notes of a Son and a Brother*. But it is not a matter for regret that he should figure so largely in the great quantity of documents (letters, diaries, lecture-notes, marginalia), by means of which Dr. Perry reconstructs in these two great volumes the life of his son, the philosopher. As a personality Henry the elder was at least as remarkable as either of his more successful children; and the pages (in the first volume) which describe the emancipation of a Calvinist through Swedenborg's doctrine should revive interest in the "prophet of the North" who had once the power to attract minds great and diverse as Kant, Balzac and Emerson. The sons, however, could never gather what Henry the elder was driving at: when William was twenty-eight he wrote to his brother Henry about some articles, inspired by Swedenborg's heavenly theory of sex, which their parent was contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly*: "Father has been writing a couple of articles on women and marriage. . . . I can't think he shows himself to advantage in this kind of speculation."

All the James's had critical minds, but they constituted a devotedly united and happy family. Henry James has written that "we were genially interested in nothing but each other." M. Ernest Seillière, the conservative French moralist (lately the author of a critical examination of D. H. Lawrence's philosophy) once reproached William James for his adhesion to the optimistic psychology of the neo-Romantics; that is to a mysticism profoundly different from the Christian, which is "based on original sin and always contained or directed by a firm and satirical discipline." And James's mysticism was the more dangerous, because unlike that of Marx, or of Sand, or of Sorel, or of Lawrence, it wore the respectable cloak of English empiricism! On whatever side are one's sympathies, it is easy to understand after reading Dr. Perry's early pages why James should have been disposed to take a benevolent view of human nature. He was brought up in that golden hour of America which was dominated by the confidence natural to a *first* generation of escaped Calvinists. The elder Henry could write without a trace of self-righteousness (the year was 1856): "The prejudices one has about them [the English], even when they are unjust, seem to be scarcely worth correcting. . . . Mrs. Cranch wrote the other day, upon some new experience of French perfidy, 'I wonder what the Lord will do with these people.' I don't wonder." Moreover, the personal life of the James family, and that of its intellectual intimates, seem to have been attended by most of the blessings that are asked for in the Prayer Book.

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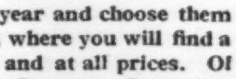

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When his sons were eighteen and seventeen respectively their father said to a friend that he had but one fixed mind about anything: that whatever might befall his dear boys they were vivified every moment by God, guided every moment by an infallible wisdom, and that "we have none of us the slightest right to indulge any anxiety."

Ill-health with neurasthenia attacked William James soon after this, and he only found his career as a professor of philosophy after considerable vacillation. His later education was mainly European and included the parallel development of his novelist brother. The two brothers were in constant correspondence, and many letters from Henry appear in these volumes for the first time. They are delightful, even if they make it clear that Henry was without a taste for philosophy. William was critically and actively responsive to all literature, his brother's included, whereas Henry would only offer William indiscriminating praise.

Towards the middle of the first volume, Dr. Perry gives a sympathetic account of James's first philosophical thinking dating from about 1860, when he was engaged in medical studies in Germany. This thinking bears witness to his own doctrine that "the mind of man is largely self-formative." His father regarded truth as something that revealed itself, and was a theologian rather than either a scientist or philosopher, whereas William approached philosophy from the side of the natural sciences. When later as pragmatist he criticised the conceptions and definitions of these scientists as conventional constructions (guides to action rather than to knowledge), it was not with the intention of restoring philosophy to its former primacy. He was conscious of the conflict between the authority of the philosopher and that of the scientist, but he came down on the side of the scientist, as is even shown by the importance he attached to psychical research; and what was his famous pragmatism but the reduction of philosophy to a science of practical results? His benevolence towards the psychic naturally horrified orthodox men; and they could only account for it by pointing to the Swedenborgian parentage, although in point of fact Henry the elder was never a spirit-chaser, and had been attracted to Swedenborg as a metaphysical theologian, not as a seer of ghosts. As Dr. Perry says, William James's interest in psychical research was "central and typical" of him. His natural freedom from prejudice and disdain manifested itself in a chivalrous attitude towards "dubious sects" and sick souls, and for this he was sometimes reproached both by his professional friends and by his finical brother. Some of his best correspondence was with the members of the underworld of science and philosophy, notable with that very healthy crank, Paul Blood, author of *Anaesthetic Revelation* and contributor to small local journals, who could lift a chain of 1,160 lb. on his shoulders and had "the greatest gift of superior gab since Shakespeare."

Throughout Hegel, who had little patience with cranks or sick souls, was regarded by James as his great adversary. The letters in these volumes, with Dr. Perry's commentary, which show how James sought to liberalise the British scientific tradition and "give it religion," without concessions to the Hegelian rationalism, are profoundly interesting. Did James succeed in establishing freedom within nature, in (as Gentile has put it) conquering empiricism with its own weapons, in rising above Hume's position? To the last, at all events, he could employ no other weapons; and to the last Hegel represented in his eyes the Absolutism by which he could not be subdued. Even in lecture-room manner they were complete contrasts, the one vivacious, apt, too clever by half, the other forced, the sweat on his brow, to seek the right expression, syllable by syllable. James was too just and too intelligent not to recognise the poetic insight of his predecessor; but he argued that the great paradoxes of Hegel were as good for empiricism as for absolutism: F. H. Bradley, we are reminded, used to greet every fresh philosophical doctrine with the claim that it could already be found somewhere in Hegel's work.

Dr. Perry has weaved the vast body of manuscripts, deposited by James's family in the Harvard College Library, into a systematic account of the philosopher's development. Some of the names of those other thinkers whose correspondence James has preserved and now appear in print for the first time are: Bontroux, Renouvier, F. H. Bradley, Royce, Papini, Santayana, Bergson. The material contains the intellectual history of an epoch, and in his use of it Dr. Perry has risen to the height of a great opportunity.

J. M. HONE

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AN EXCEPTIONAL STORY

New Writing, II. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lane.* 6s.

The second volume of Mr. John Lehmann's magazine-anthology—it is difficult to know just what to call it—contains one excellent contribution, a short story by V. S. Pritchett. It is the sort of story Lawrence might have written, of a commercial traveller who gets into talk with a provincial barmaid, wins her away from the local garage-man, and is about to marry her when the news comes that her former admirer has died in a motor accident. She weeps hysterically, and in this access of tenderness (hitherto their relations have been cautiously sentimental) they spend their first night together. The man is puzzled; for in the morning she seems as distant as ever and accepts his apologies coldly. For several days she moves about on a queer level, her warmth towards the man she is going to marry being inseparable from light grief, a tardy kindness towards the dead man, whom she had not loved; and not till the funeral does this emotion slip away.

Yes, told in summary, it is a Lawrence story, with elements of "darkness" which he would only too eagerly have brought out. Three or four years ago, perhaps, Mr. Pritchett might have seen the story in the same way, and told it, more jerkily, in the Lawrence manner. How much he has learnt since then! "Sense of Humour"—as this story is called—is individual to Mr. Pritchett; style, characters, dialogue are all his. I do not know of any other novelist writing to-day who could have constructed this story as he has, on wiry dialogue which is trivial and commonplace and yet now and then gives out a note as pure as a tuning-fork's. The title, for example, "Sense of Humour." When Mr. Humphrey first meets his barmaid and they flirt facetiously in the saloon-bar way, it comes out that his father is an undertaker. How she laughs!—"Don't mind me, I'm Irish." "Oh, I see, that's it. Got a sense of humour." And when they visit his father, the undertaker, his first remark is, "Irish. Sense of humour, eh?" All through the story her sense of humour, like her freckles, her spasms of laughter, her undiscovered bosom, are there, in the dialogue. The end crowns everything: they sit

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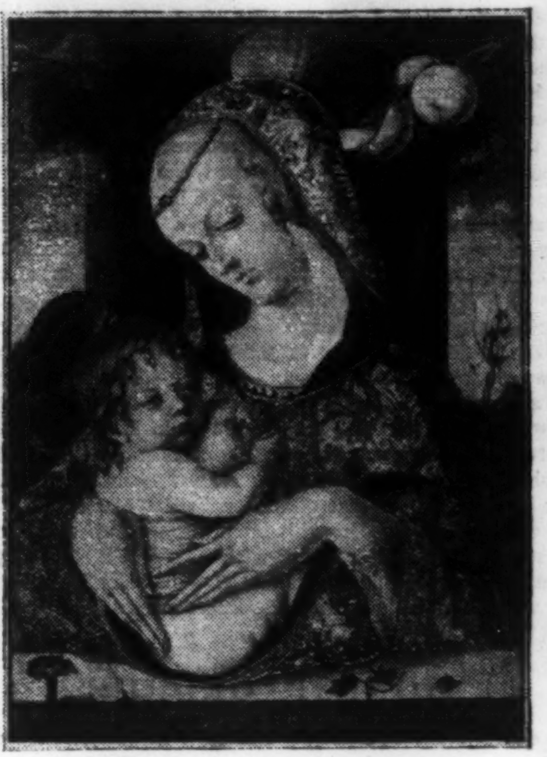

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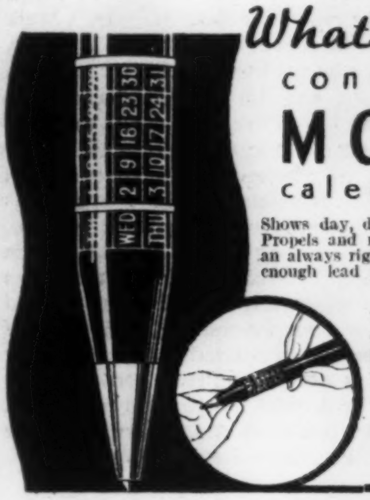

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side by side, at first solemnly, on the driver's seat of the hearse and see the people taking off their hats right and left, as though for the King and Queen; then they begin to note a man who doesn't raise his hat; they wonder what the policeman will do. Her sense of humour has returned, and they're happy.

I have given some space to this story because its merits seem to me exceptional. Many details I have not even mentioned; the story is brilliantly told in the first person, by the commercial traveller; all the characters, including the garage-man fizzing over the country on a motor-bike, and the old undertaker and his wife, are sharply actual. The whole thing is a triumph in that kind of writing, *sans commentaire*, which I particularly admire and which so few of our novelists to-day have the talent to bring off. Mr. Pritchett's last novel was good; his next should be an event.

New Writing, II has other attractions: a brief, vivid sketch of the Englishman in Burma by Mr. George Orwell; a delightful story, half-satire, half-fable, by Ignazio Silone, author of *Fontamara*; a study of a child's fascinated interest in the death of a rabbit, by André Chamson; stories and sketches by Ralph Bates, W. H. Auden, Jean Cassou and Alfred Mendes. Mulk Raj Anand, in an amusing little tale of Indian village life, describes how the barber boy, who used to attend his customers at their houses, went on strike, and, leaving the village to an increasing hairiness, departed to a nearby town to form the first barbers trade union. The vaguely Left trend can be seen in a section of six pieces by different authors called "Breaking Point," which represents the class struggle as it comes to a head in individuals—a negro waiting to be lynched, a gun-runner in Spain wanted by the police, an incident in Vienna before the 1934 rising. As editor Mr. Lehmann has been wise, failing the work of art, to rely on the document and not one of the pieces here is without interest. *New Writing, II* is international in the true sense. It gives a varied and convincing picture of common life as it is lived in different corners of the world to-day. And we must be grateful indeed for a publication which in its first number has contained Mr. Isherwood's *The Novaks*, and in its second Mr. Pritchett's *Sense of Humour*.

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HALF A MILLION TRAMPS

Half a Million Tramps. By W. A. GAPE. *Routledge. 7s. 6d.*

There have been a number of books written during the last few years depicting the life of the down-and-out; of these Mr. George Orwell's *A Down-and-Out in Paris and London* was much the best. He gave a vivid and horrifying account of what it is like to be without food or money, without friends in a position better than one's own; and the chief difference between Paris and London seemed to be that, while in Paris it was always possible to hang on the fringe of some job—however menial or disreputable—in London the attempt to find work was frankly hopeless. There is not in France so definite a class of the unemployed as there is here. True, our caste system has the advantage that to the luckier ones (those who may possibly be reclaimed) it affords a dole; but the rest are marked down as anti-social, criminal, and useless. The title of Mr. Gape's book will be a revelation to many. We were prepared, perhaps, to learn that vagrancy is treated, practically, as a crime in England, that the casual wards are worse than anything satirised by Dickens, that charity more often than not is an insult from which its receivers are not expected to recover; but it may astonish us to know that there are half a million tramps, men and women, on the roads. Most of them are wretched enough, as we can see in any park, yet they retain a fragment of liberty which makes life endurable. Mr. Gape has himself been a tramp for the last twenty-two years, from the age of fourteen, and his book, though it records hardship and squalor, is by no means altogether depressing. It is more adventurous and more edifying, for example, than Sir Ernest Benn's *Confessions of a Capitalist*. We see his escape from a tyrannical father and his march to London; the love-affair with an unusually sensible and attractive girl, who made a living by singing in the streets; her death; an interlude as stowaway across the Atlantic and train-jumper in Canada; the return home to casual wards, night cafés and the Embankment. One object, then, in writing this book was to show that there are better existences than that of the civilised "black beetle" (Mr. Gape would probably deny this intention); another was to tell a good story; thirdly, the author wished to give a realistic picture and to mobilise opinion in favour of a luckless class of people about whom little is known. He succeeds pretty well in all three.

HONEST GEORGE

Hero of the Restoration. By OLIVER WARNER. *Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.*

Honest George Monck. By J. D. GRIFFITH DAVIES. *Lane. 12s. 6d.*

George Monck's place in history, like his wealth and his dukedom, was earned by a blend of courage, prudence and loyalty none too common in life. He began, characteristically, by knocking down, before he was seventeen, the under-sheriff of Devonshire. That official had insulted Sir Thomas Monck, of Potheridge, whose second son George was, by arresting him for debt when he was on his way to pay his respects to Charles I. So much for courage and loyalty. It was a characteristic kind of prudence, too, which then promptly sent the culprit off, out of the clutches of the law, as a volunteer on the Cadiz expedition of 1625. From then on, soldiering, whether on shore or afloat, was George Monck's trade. Characteristically again, he made himself a master of it. By the time the Scots crossed the Border in 1640 he was already a veteran, with the Isle of Ré and the siege of Breda to his credit and a reputation with his Dutch employers as a disciplinarian. He seems to have helped to make the rout of Newburn less of a rout than it might have been by helping to save the guns. But Charles I, who made such poor use of Strafford, let Monck, too, professional training and all, disappear into the welter of Ireland, and recalled him only to be taken by the Roundheads at Nantwich. Courage and loyalty (backed by the attentions of his future Duchess) helped him through two years' imprisonment: and prudence, on his release after the King's defeat, sent him back to Ireland in the service of the Parliament.

He was now forty-seven, a mature age for a soldier of fortune who had just changed sides. But his three qualities were still to serve him well, and for the next twenty years. His place in history, his wealth and his dukedom, they were to bring him all three, and yet leave him his "strange luck to be loved." "The Hero of the Restoration" Mr. Warner calls him, and "Honest George Monck" is Mr. Griffith Davies' variant. There really is

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something worth investigating about the man who can still sail under both flags.

Actually George Monck would not have carried through the "bloodless restoration" if he had not been an accomplished liar. To bait his trap for the unwary he preferred silence, but if words were needed he knew how to make them emphatic and conclusive. Few men had a firmer grasp of the technique of looking stupid while waiting to pounce. His justification might be that he only deceived those who asked for it: give him credit for common sense and, whatever he said or did not say, it was not difficult to see what he meant. He only misled those who thought he was as unpractical or as foolish as they were themselves—the sort of man who would play Lambert's part over again just after Lambert had shown its futility, or try to be Oliver Cromwell without his "protective illusions." One look at George's large, calm face and mild eye should have told men that he believed in giving the people what they wanted, not what other people thought was good for them. Unlike Thomas Hobbes, he was not "born twin brother with fear," he had faced death too often to let it worry him when he had to do it again, but with this difference—a very important one—he was at heart a Hobbist. His place in history was thrust upon him: what he wanted from life was represented by his wealth and his dukedom. A man with this kind of poise and judgment is always respected and understood by ordinary people, for if his will and purpose are his own, his outlook and his values are theirs. "The heaviest man in the world," wrote Pepys, "but stout and honest to his country." Such was George Monck and this is why it is a pleasure to read about him as his story is told in both these excellent accounts. KENNETH BELL

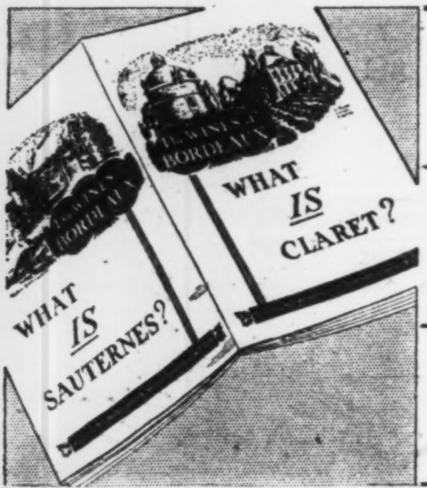
CHRISTMAS CARDS

THE Victoria and Albert Museum have produced this year a set of twelve Christmas cards: in choice and execution they could scarcely be better. The folder, 6 ins. by 4½ ins., light buff in colour, contains no ornament on the cover except a red frame; inside on the left page, "With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year from," in good red lettering; on the right, the coloured reproduction; on the back, a six-line description of the picture inside. They cost 3*d*. each. Especially delightful are number 5, "A Cock," early nineteenth-century Japanese drawing in ink wash and water colour; number 11, "A Bunch of Flowers," English crewel-work curtain begun in 1729; number 12, "A Pair of Cranes," miniature painting in tempera colours and gold, by Ustad Mansur, Indian seventeenth century. The set also contains a Constable painting of Stonehenge, dramatically rainbowed, and a charming water-colour of the old houses on the bridge, Lincoln, by Peter de Wint.

The Medici Society provide more reproductions of masters, chiefly European. Two Van Gogh's, including the lovely "Cornfields in Provence,"; two Pieter de Hooch's, "The Card Players" and "Court of a Dutch House,"; a Brussel "Flowerpiece"; Bonington's "The Coast of Picardy"; "The Vision of St. Hubert" by the Master of Werden; and—perhaps the most exquisite of this collection—W. L. Leitch's "Edinburgh from the Mound." Prices range from 4*d*. to 1*s*. There are some charming cards, too, by living artists, Clifford Webb, Monica Marks, and Claire Leighton, who manage to be decorative and not too arty. All these Christmas cards have the picture on the front, the good wishes simply lettered inside.

Heffer's restrict themselves to lighter fancies. Clifford Webb's "Horses" and "Ducks" are delightful. For fishermen there is a picture of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, apparently, looking thoughtful under a deerstalker as he stands beside a torrent. Their other cards are pretty if undistinguished.

An idea for Christmas next year: will one of the museums or the Medici Society consider doing a set of cards with detail from Breughel? The choice would please everyone, from those who want landscape and old figures to those who prefer surrealism or a ribald joke. And why not Rowlandson, the Douanier, and some Victorian fashion plates?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SHORTER NOTICES

After All. By CLARENCE DAY. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

The author of *Life with Father* only became known to the British public just before his death. *After All* is a collection of his contributions to papers like the *New Yorker, Harpers* and the *New Republic.* They are all of them amusing, some mere trivialities, others excellent satires. They are illustrated by the author. His drawings are as witty as his writing. Clarence Day had the real humorist's knack of building up an appealing picture of himself—something of a cross between Low listening to Colonel Blimp in a Turkish bath and the retiring and timid savant that Logan Pearsall Smith presents himself as being in *Trivia.* This is an excellent book for a Christmas present. There are odd verses and bits of prose that guarantee a laugh when read round the fire.

The Hay System Cookery Book. By DORIS M. L. GRANT. *Harrap.* 6*s*.

Many of Dr. Hay's disciples soon discovered that their inventive powers were unequal to the demand of their stomachs for variety in the diet. The result was monotony and a subsequent falling off from that lofty standard of conduct set by the high priest. They also discovered that a number of dishes suggested in Dr. Hay's books required ingredients unknown this side of the Atlantic. The Hay Cookery Book is a special adaptation for use in Britain, and all the recipes are classified strictly according to the system. It will enlarge the gastronomic horizon of the faithful and, incidentally, furnish some palatable additions to the menus of the benighted. The omission of macaroni, which apparently is not used at all, is curious, considering the fact that the wholemeal variety is easily obtainable.

Week-end Competitions

No. 352

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy recently gave advice to reviewers; but what about the reviewed? For the defence of this usually inarticulate majority we invite Ten Maxims for the Reviewed. The usual prizes are offered for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 18th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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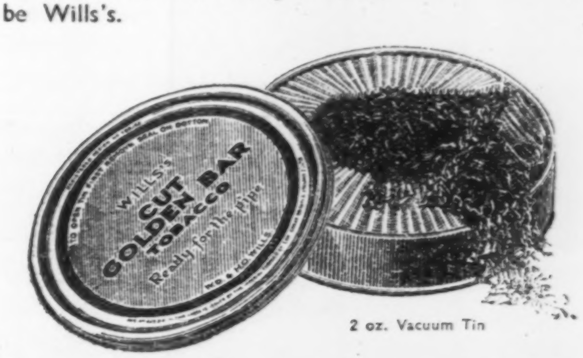

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 350

Set by Hamish Miles

The (U.S.A.) *Time* style of journalism is becoming the accepted model for Fleet Street's slickest and bravest, and there are now at least two English news-magazines based on their ingenious prototype. Their trick syntax and snapshot phrases may colour the vernacular much as the films have done. As an exercise in the style, the usual prizes are offered for imaginary recordings of *one* out of the following hypothetical events: maximum of words, 200.

1. The opening of a Channel Tunnel.
2. The 100th birthday of Mr. Bernard Shaw.
3. The suppression of the *Saturday Review* by the first Communist Government.
4. The suppression of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by the first Blackshirt Government.

Report by Hamish Miles

Gratified one day last week was hard-boiled, sad-eyed Competitionist Miles (no cut), when entries for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S 350th high-brow low-prize joust were rushed to him in large brown envelope for judging. Easy favourite among offered themes was Blackshirts' close-down action on Great Turnstile office: with horrid glee competitors chose this in ratio of 83 per cent. "Looks like wish-fulfilment," commented Miles privately. Embarrassment, for him, was unusually high level of guinea-seekers' work. Cold comfort of high commendation he offered to Dillon Fitzgibbon, Geoffrey Innes, W. L. Nicholls, Alan R. Thomas, Colon, Geoffrey Robb, W. Burch, Tor, D. W. B.; and still higher to Margaret Kornitzer, Arnold Hyde, S. D. Medlicott, R. Pomfret, Judith Todd. But to Editor (Final Decision) Martin he recommended, Solomonwise, that prize-money be equally divided between R. Denne Waterhouse, A. K. Milne, Guy Innes.

(1)

SUPPRESSION OF "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION"

Y. YSECRACKER OUT OF JOB.—One of first executive acts of the Leader has been to spin round Great Turnstile. Editorial Staff of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, habited to prophesy crack of doom, didn't recognise it when it occurred, caught red-minded. Captious Columnist Critic decided aloof superiority unsuitable this juncture, seen galloping down Holborn, blood-wurst hounds in pursuit. Revealed Y. (Humorist) Y. in bad with National Saviour since suggested suitable salutation rubbing face with foot. Unaryan gesture, deposes Saviour, destructive dignity of Fascist womanhood. Y. Y. now got chance to see funny side of concentration camp. Crossword Puzzler L-S, discovered in knots, cut amid conjectured cheers of brainstormed contributors. Mathmaster Caliban alone escaped, disguised as Log. "I shall not interfere with THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," bawls Commander of the Faithful Shirts at Televisor; "Freed from subversive elements it shall be fit for any Fascist child or maiden to read." Revised publication eagerly awaited to see if this crack gets *5s.* prize in "This England" feature.

R. DENNE WATERHOUSE

(2)

Angriest man in England is former NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S Editor Kingsley Martin. Following Leader's ban, burly Government officials entered his office, burnt files, seized proofs, stayed on guard.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was London's chief left-centre intellectual, criticised Leader while others flattered. To Blackshirts who warned him, Editor Martin said, "We will tell the truth or close down." Fascists did the closing, arrested many, found hide-out equipped with gasmasks.

Only man to escape was Airman-Author David Garnett, who disappeared into fog in specially built aeroplane, catapulted from the roof.

Opposition to regime, Leader told pressmen later, is now dead. Fact is, intellectuals hope for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S secret revival. Man for the job is Martin, now getting close-up of camp conditions on windswept Salisbury Plain.

Exciting incident in raid was when thugs burst into the room of 200-lb. Reviewer Cyril Connolly, were greeted with rain of books balanced over the door. Leader's men cursed, threatened usual Fascist punishments. Retorted Connolly: "I thought there must be *some* use for novels."

A. K. MILNE

(3)

TURNING THE STYLES

Even newshawks indurated to the catch-and-bounce methods of the Street of Ink have gotten an eyeful at 10 Great Turnstile, recent scene of a lip-sealing bee ordered executed on the say-so of sleek Priminister Leader, who grinds a keen tooth. Editor Kingsley Martin, issuing a defi., blinded the first ersatz-blackshirt with a snort of vodka, but was bound with ticker-tapes from Baldwin-baiter Lucy Houston's arsenal. Quiz-faced David Low, caught with the goods—Blimp-cartoons for Caliban's Competitions—pleaded a date with Press-tycoon Beaverbrook, but was bearded and held as hostage for probe. Sylvia Lynd made stand, backed by Masefield-like spouse Y. Y. Sylvia (who should send address) baffled assailants with confusing strategy, escaped; honours evenly divided. Entrenched behind notebooks for London Diaries, "Critic" was stink-bombed, and in ten minutes "This England" looked like Spain. W. J. Turner, sounding the charge, was downed with the score of "Pickwick"; cinemaddict John Marks protectively arrested. Raiders then dissed the copy-readers, marched the remainder to the Black House, where they are held incommunicado. "No further bulletins will be issued."

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"I presented each of eight boys in my class with eight wooden cubes, uncoloured. I told them to fit these cubes together to make one larger cube. Then, giving each boy paints of six colours—blue, red, green, yellow, black and white—I instructed him to paint each face of the big cube a different colour.

"The eight boys did as they were told, and when they had finished I noted with satisfaction that each of the eight large cubes was, by virtue of its colour arrangement, distinguishable from each of the others.

"'Now, boys,' I said to the class. 'We will take these eight cubes to pieces again. That will give us 64 little ones. Each of the 64 little ones will have three painted and three unpainted faces. We will give each a face value according to the colours of its three painted faces:-

Blue : 6
Red : 5
Green : 4
Yellow : 3
Black : 2
White : 1

"'For example, a cube having one green face, one yellow one and one black one has a face value of 9.'

"Next I took the 64 little cubes and threw them haphazard on to a tray. I now told one of the boys to draw one of them at random. Its face value was 10. 'What are the odds against that?' I asked the class. 'Against what?' asked somebody. 'Against a cube drawn out at random having a face value of 10.' 'How can we tell, Sir?' 'You're quite right,' I said. 'You can't, because you haven't examined the cubes. So *I'll* tell *you*. The odds against are the shortest possible, having regard to the fact that each of the big cubes was differently

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DECEMBER 1936

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painted. And now you boys can work out for me exactly how each of the cubes *was* painted.

" ' For the sake of uniformity, assume that each cube is standing on its blue base. Then tell me, in each case, what colour is opposite the blue one, and, in clockwise order, the colours of the other four sides.'

" None of my class solved this problem. *Can your readers do better ?* "

PROBLEM 204.—GUFFINS

Guffins was number 3.

When there are 5 runners left the odds against a perfect square are 23 to 1. As 5 digits can be arranged in 120 ways, there must be 5 squares possible, with 5 digits. These digits can only be 1, 2, 3, 6, 9; the possible squares being

1296 2916 9216 9211
1369 1936

Hence when one runner drops out and in so doing makes the odds against a square " much, much, shorter " it can only be the 3.

PROBLEM 202.—CROME TERRACE

Here (by request of several solvers) is Mr. Luckett's solution.

Mr. Brown's house is called Black Rock and it is painted green.

METHOD.—Either Greystones or Greenleaves is the third house from the end of the Terrace. Trying Greystones we arrive at the following arrangement.

Colour	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
Name	x	White	x	Grey	Brown	Green
Occupier	x	Grey	Green	Red	White	x

This may be expanded into three " possibles."

(*a*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Black	White	Red	Grey	Brown	Green
	Occupier	Brown	Grey	Green	Redd	White	Black
(*b*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Red	White	Black	Grey	Brown	Green
	Occupier	Brown	Grey	Green	Red	White	Black
(*c*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Red	White	Black	Grey	Brown	Green
	Occupier	Black	Grey	Green	Redd	White	Brown

Trying Greenleaves as the third house we arrive at the arrangement.

Colour	*x*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*x*
Name	x	White	x	Green	Brown	Grey
Occupier	x	x	x	Redd	x	x

which may be expanded into four possibles. (It is found that if Mr. White lives at Greystones there is no room for Mr. Brown.)

(*d*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Black	White	Red	Green	Brown	Grey
	Occupier	Gray	Brown	White	Redd	Black	Green
(*e*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Red	White	Black	Green	Brown	Grey
	Occupier	Gray	Brown	White	Redd	Black	Green
(*f*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Black	White	Red	Green	Brown	Grey
	Occupier	White	Green	Gray	Redd	Black	Brown
(*g*)	*Colour*	*green*	*red*	*brown*	*black*	*grey*	*white*
	Name	Red	White	Black	Green	Brown	Grey
	Occupier	White	Green	Gray	Redd	Black	Brown

But *if you know Crome Terrace* the information given will tell you where they all live, therefore the arrangement of the houses and the colours they are painted is such that only one arrangement of occupiers is possible.

Therefore the three pairs (*b*) (*c*), (*d*) (*f*), (*e*) (*g*) are ruled out and the arrangement is at (*a*).

It is more direct (but I think less interesting) to work from the six possible arrangements of names and colours when it will be found that two give no results, three give two results each and one gives one, the desired, result.

PROBLEM 203.—SIX GOLFERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. G. Wordsworth, Barns Close, Bicknoller, Somerset.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

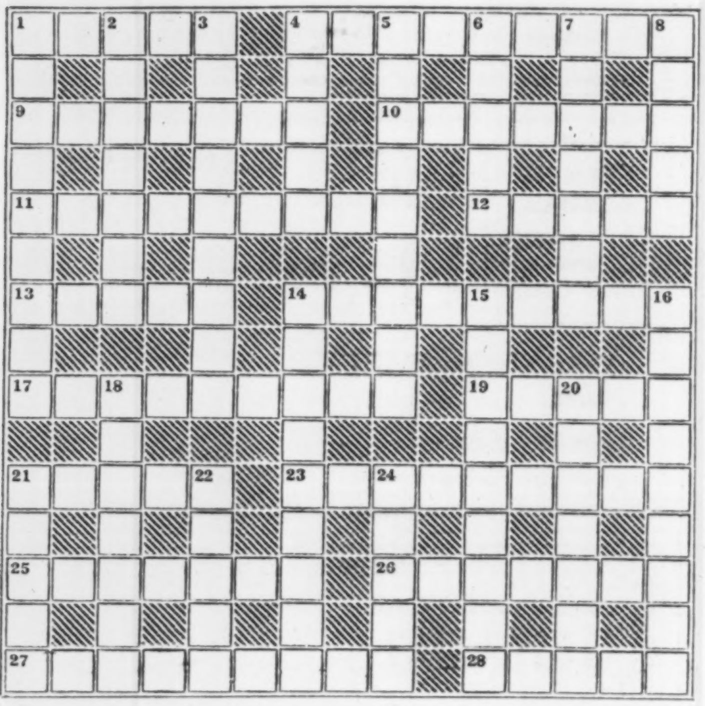
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 353

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
H. Pashley, 10 Hawthorn Avenue, Monton, Eccles, Lancs.

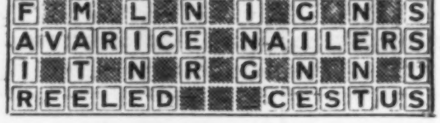
ACROSS

1. O, the General is after this money.
4. Result of making a ring-dove crusty ?
9. Ici doit être fou ici.
10. It would not pass the acid test.
11. If this were a really catching device, we should of course have endless life.
12. Way the Army marches.
13. Suitable residence for the snowman.
14. A quiet bribe.
17. Corylus fruit.
19. He monkeys about in South America.
21. Mark of a new thing in Scandinavian drama.
23. This is not the art of the gravedigger.
25. Somebody's personal guide.
26. Obvious description of the sluggard.
27. How the chemist did without the dope.
28. An Indian goddess may be a guard.

DOWN.

1. The cook often chips in with this.
2. One of David's wives.
3. Macheath was no doubt such an officer when he caught Miss Peachum.
4. This horse plays a leading part in athletic races.
5. They indicate the limits of the score.
6. Father Neptune's organ of hearing?
7. One of a breed that has Emperors.
8. One takes a blotter out to do it of course.
14. Good ones go to Barking to alarm people.
15. How the wrong person was wakened.
16. Should be taught to shoot as a " delightful task."
18. One could make Zola use such a keen word.
20. He presumably makes things articulate.
21. How the fiddler saluted us.
22. Divine.
24. I'd beg to be thus treated.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE CITY AND THE CRISIS—ARGENTINE TRADE AGREEMENT AND THE ARGENTINE RAILWAYS—ASSOCIATED BRITISH PROPERTIES—CRABTREE ELECTRICAL

THE City, like other sections of the country, is heartily sick of the crisis. The Stock Exchange was flat on Monday, rallied sharply on Tuesday and Wednesday morning on rumours of a "satisfactory settlement" and closed dull on Wednesday night on fresh rumours of abdication. Thursday morning, when I stop writing, prices improved owing to a sense of impending relief. If the King's decision is to abdicate perhaps the markets will close the week at their flattest, this being the end of the last account of the year, but I look for a quick recovery from crisis psychology in the markets—provided always that the settlement is fixed and final. The personal prestige of the British monarchy does not add to or detract from the values of securities. What makes for investment confidence in this country is the solidity and strength of the British Law and Constitution. A platitude, but worth remembering.

* * *

The new trade agreement between this country and the Argentine, providing for a levy on Argentine beef imports, leaves the investor more or less where he stood. For what it is worth, the Argentine Government repeats the promise of the Roca Agreement—that it will accord "benevolent treatment" to British capital invested in Argentina. This promise does not, of course, imply privileged treatment: indeed, in the past it has been interpreted, more often than not by way of veiled hostility. Nevertheless, the relations between the railways and the Government have recently improved. Competition from the State-owned lines is becoming less severe and the Government is introducing a Bill to enable the Buenos Aires Great Southern and Buenos Aires Western railways to amalgamate. It is also preparing a Bill to deal with the question of road competition and it has created for Buenos Aires a central transport board similar to our L.P.T. (This should provide a crumb of comfort to the long-suffering first debenture stockholders of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways.) But to return to the new trade agreement. The exchange guarantee is continued—namely, that British goods and services will have the first lien on the sterling exchange accruing from the sale of Argentine goods in Great Britain. Under a separate agreement with the Government the British-owned railways were allowed to obtain their foreign exchange at $15.75 to the £ for 1936 in return for a rebate on maize traffics. This agreement comes to an end on December 31st, but in view of the improvement in Argentina's trade balance (thanks to the rise in wheat and other cereal prices and to the influx of capital from Latin-American countries), I see no reason why the railways should not obtain as favourable a rate in 1937 as in 1936. The present "free" rate of exchange is 16.90 against a "low" this year of 18.

* * *

The Argentine railway year ends in June, and during 1935–36 savings in exchange losses under the exchange agreement were more than offset by the heavy fall in gross receipts—a reflex of the partial failure of the wheat crop. The net revenues available for fixed charges were, therefore, the lowest shown for many years. In the current year the wheat crop, which begins to move in January, should be well above the average. Maize, which does not start to move until April, is already fetching higher prices, which means that the railways may not have to continue their rebate on maize traffics next year. Better results, therefore, should be shown in the year ending June, 1937. It must, however, be borne in mind that as expenditure on renewals increases, the exchange losses must also increase. It is an illusion to imagine that in a period of prosperity the railway exchange losses will diminish. Taking the companies individually, Central Argentine, the chief maize-carrying line, is perhaps the most attractive from the speculative point of view—and the only one to have effected material savings in operating expenses. There are no arrears of renewals to be made good, but in view of the poor cash position, the allocations to renewals reserve will no doubt be increased as revenue rises. If the coming receipts from the maize traffics reach record dimensions the Central Argentine should earn its full preference dividends this year. Buenos Aires Great Southern, the chief wheat-carrying line, has perhaps the best distribution of traffics of any railway in Argentina. If the wheat crop is good, B.A. Great Southern should earn its full preference dividends. B.A. Western is in much the same position as B.A. Southern. In the proposed amalgamation the B.A. Western 4½ per cent. preference stock will probably rank equally with the B.A. Great Southern 6 per cent. preference stock. Buenos Aires and Pacific is still suffering from lack of cash, in spite of the moratorium, and the arrears of interest on the consolidated debenture stocks will take some time to recover. In short, the following prior charges have scope for capital appreciation :

	Price.	Arrears of Dividend.
Argentine Great Western 5% debenture ..	75	17 net
B.A. and Pacific 4½% consol. debenture ..	71	15 net
Central Argentine 6% cum. preference ..	78	18 net
B.A. Great Southern 6% non-cum. preference	58¼	—
B.A. Great Southern 5% non-cum. preference	67	—

The ordinary stocks of all four railways appear fully valued, for there is little hope of rates ever being adjusted to offset exchange losses. Nevertheless, the ordinary stocks will probably rise obtusely with the prior charges.

* * *

Statistical Assistant : I find it very difficult to understand film finance.

Toreador : I am not surprised, but I would not try to know too much, because it makes the film financiers very angry.

Statistical Assistant : I would like to draw your attention to the issue this week of £2,000,000 4½ per cent. 1st mortgage debenture stock of Associated British Properties. According to an official return at January last, Associated British Picture Corporation holds 37,000 out of 55,000 "A" ordinary shares of Associated Cinema Properties, Ltd., which owns all the ordinary shares of Associated British Properties. Associated Cinema Properties has sold fifty-three cinema properties, part freehold and part leasehold, for £3,000,000 to Associated British Properties, which has leased them for a long term to Associated British Picture Corporation for an annual rent of £180,000 net, plus the ground rents. Whether this chain of theatres is worth £56,600 per cinema without the benefit of the lease of the Associated British Picture Corporation, I cannot say, but in view of the overbuilding which is going on in the cinema industry, I am not particularly attracted by a 4½ per cent. cinema theatre debenture at par. The issue might be taken as a useful hint for holders of the 5 per cent. debenture stock of the Associated British Picture Corporation to sell their holdings at 105. When this £3½ million issue of 5 per cent. mortgage debenture stock was created, the debenture holders were offered a first specific charge on 172 cinemas and a floating charge on the whole undertaking and remaining assets. A clause in the debenture deed stated that none of the assets comprised in the floating charge would be charged except with the sanction of the debenture stockholders, and that none of the subsidiary companies would create any charge on their assets. Presumably, the Associated Cinema Properties is not *a subsidiary* of Associated British Picture Corporation, although its address is the same, and Mr. Maxwell, chairman of Associated British Picture Corporation, held control of its "B" shares (according to the last return) which have the voting control. This company finance is certainly becoming very difficult to understand.

* * *

Statistical Assistant : Last week you commented on the offer for sale of Crabtree Electrical Industries preference and ordinary shares which, so far as the latter were concerned, might better have been advertised as a private placing. The 10*s.* ordinary shares, offered at 12*s.* 6*d.*, were about seventy times over-subscribed; applications for under 3,000 were eliminated and the rest obtained 100 shares per application. Dealings began at 17*s.* 6*d.* and the shares are now quoted at 25*s.*, i.e., at a 100 per cent. premium. Of the 1,200,000 ordinary shares issued, only 440,000 were available to the outside public. On the basis of the allotment, 4,400 people obtained 100 shares each on which, if held, the profit would now be £65. 360,000 shares were allotted to the vendors, 240,000 shares to directors and ex-directors, and 160,000 shares to the favoured "insiders"—friends of the issue house and of the brokers. Vendors, directors and "insiders" have thus enjoyed a paper profit of £475,000. Outsiders must regard this issue with mixed feelings.

Toreador : Sour grapes. But if the rumour that current earnings are approaching 30 per cent. is approximately correct, Crabtree Electrical 10*s.* ordinary shares at 25*s.* are still cheap. A distribution of half these estimated earnings would allow a dividend yield of 6 per cent. at the present price. Why do vendors ever sell? I cannot say, unless they see the next slump coming.

Company Meeting

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INCREASED PROFIT AND DISTRIBUTION

The Twelfth Annual General Meeting of British Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Monday last at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Sir Walrond Sinclair, K.B.E. (the Chairman and Managing Director), said that their total profits at £204,659 showed the satisfactory increase of £15,733. In addition to maintaining the dividend on the ordinary shares at 8 per cent. for the year, the Directors were glad to be able to recommend a cash bonus of 2 per cent. as compared with 1½ per cent. for the previous year.

The extensive rebuilding and modernisation programme being carried out at the Silvertown works of their most important subsidiary, the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, was proceeding to schedule, and already a substantial portion of the works had been satisfactorily completed.

The tyre market in this country was at present suffering severely from over production. For some years the Board had consistently advocated a voluntary limitation of output more in line with actual requirements, and it was very much to be regretted that no measure of agreement on that question had yet been achieved within the industry. When deciding some three years ago to widen further their range of manufacture of other rubber products the Directors realised the necessity of gradually adjusting their tyre manufacturing activities to meet the requirements of the situation then developing, with the result that the company was now in the fortunate position of being able to face current conditions with equanimity.

During the last year there had been an appreciable increase in raw material prices, particularly so in the case of crude rubber but he was glad to say that so far that movement had been regulated in a gradual and orderly manner. The consumption of rubber had grown, and seemed likely to grow in the near future to a considerable extent, and while they as manufacturers welcomed the recent increase of releases from 65 per cent. to 70 per cent. of the quota, he felt that the International Committee had failed to give that percentage of release which would ensure that degree of stability so fundamentally vital both to the rubber manufacturing and producing interests.

The report was adopted.

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DEPARTMENT

Even if relatives or friends have the necessary knowledge and experience and are willing to act as Executor or Trustee, there is no certainty that they will be alive when their services are required. The responsibilities attached to these duties and the increasing reluctance of private individuals to undertake them have stimulated the demand for the appointment of a corporate trustee. Lloyds Bank has developed this service, and offers continuity, security and expert administration.

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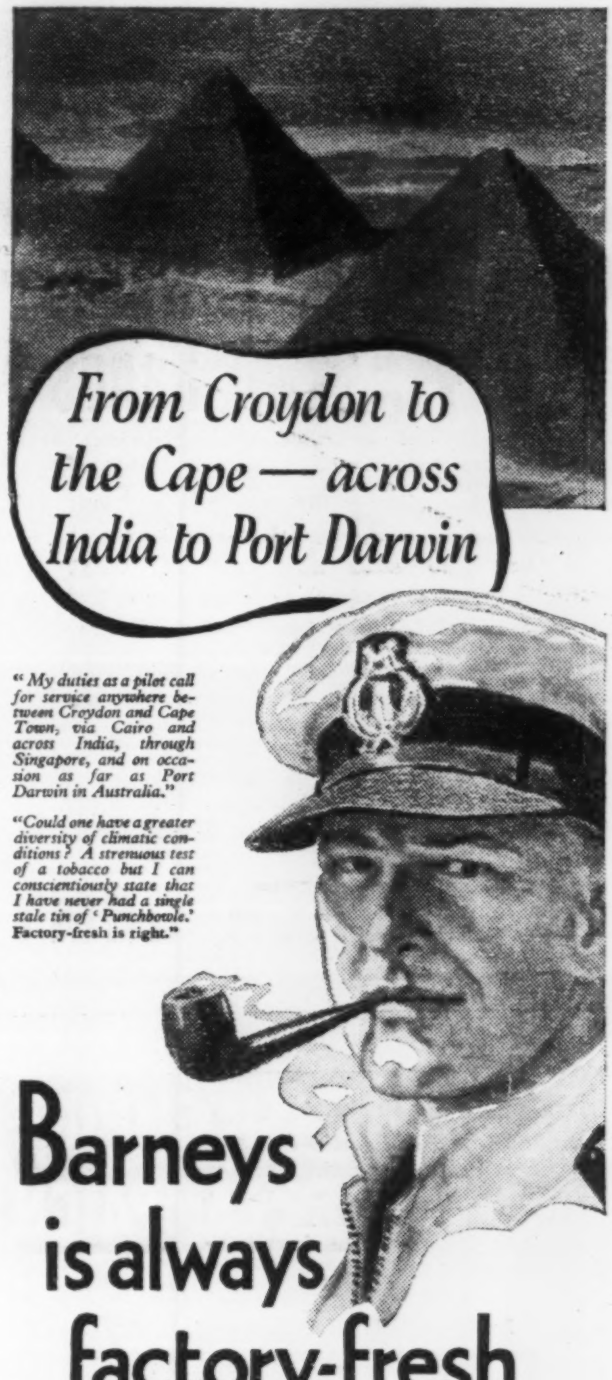
Head Office:
71 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



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The perfection of condition which prevails in the Barneys Factory is maintained *inside* each "EVERFRESH" Tin, wherever in the World that tin may go.

Barneys smokers in all parts of the Globe have testified to this *universal* Factory-freshness; and now an Air Pilot, quite spontaneously, tells of *his* experience of "EVERFRESHNESS" under almost every condition of climate—from the arid dryness of the African deserts to the steaming heat of Singapore.

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Whose Hands ?

The Christmas happiness of the poor lies in hands other than their own—in yours, perhaps. If you are able to send £5, you will ensure Christmas happiness for ten poor families; 10/- provides a parcel for one family. But whoever you are—will you not try to share your Christmas this year with those who find life very hard ?

PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR GIFT to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

PATRON: H.M. THE KING.
President: H.R.H. The Duke of York, K.G.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK has said:—

" I am glad to think that not only at home, but throughout the Empire, the interest in this great fight for humanity continues to receive more and more support from everyone."

The majority of the leading Institutions in Great Britain engaged in Cancer Research receive financial help from the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

Donations are urgently needed to carry on this war against Cancer. Please send a donation to-day to the

Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign
12, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

"WHAT I SPENT I HAD WHAT I SAVED I HAD WHAT I GAVE I HAVE"

WE are apt to talk rather lightly, in the comfort of our homes, of the impact of modern conditions, economic and otherwise, upon our lives. To literally hundreds of thousands of people this self same impact when it comes simply shatters their frail structure whether it be family, home or health. A number of efficiently run organisations afford some defence against the ruthlessness of circumstances and in many cases they are able to give the victims a fresh start, and always new hope. A donation from you to such organisations as are appealing for funds in this issue will bring you the knowledge that this Christmas some of the ordinary material comforts of life, so common in our own homes as to be regarded as necessities, will be available, even if only for a short time, to those who have been less lucky than ourselves.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE

Christmas, the Festival of The Child, is pre-eminently the children's festival, and any appeal addressed at this season to lovers of children should evoke a ready response. The National Children's Home and Orphanage is issuing such an appeal, and comes to us with the credentials of a great work accomplished in a way that commands admiration, and with needs for its furtherance and continuance that none may deny. The Home stands in the relation of parent to nearly 4,000 children who would otherwise be deprived of any true family life. During the sixty-five years of the Home's existence 25,000 children have been cared for in homes that really are homes and not institutions. The children wear no uniform, are grouped and treated as families, and share in the ordinary educational advantages of other children, and so go out into the world on level terms with their contemporaries. The Christmas appeal of the Home is especially for funds to meet the cost of the season's festivities, when many of the children will enjoy the first real Christmas of their lives; but it is also for the means to carry on the day-by-day work of feeding, clothing, and tending the children during the coming year. Five guineas will pay the initial admission costs of one child, but smaller, and larger, gifts will be warmly welcomed. Donations should be sent to The National Children's Home and Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

The work of this famous Society is known to all who travel either on the Continent or through the Dominions and Crown Colonies and, more nearly and dearly, to those who reside abroad, or those who are building up homes in the newer provinces of our scattered Empire. That the Church of England is able to minister to its members the world over is due to the unremitting work of the Society, which assists in the building of churches and providing the clergy for its co-religionists beyond the seas. The Society has been in existence nearly one hundred and twenty years, and the value of its service is recognised wherever there is any considerable body of English residents on the Continent, and most clearly of all, where, as in Western Canada, with its widely distributed population, the small groups of families would be without the ministrations of the Church were it not for the Missionary Clergy of the Society whose periodic visits are so

Help Mummie to get well again

The Royal Northern Hospital serves a million poor in North London and there are very many mothers among the patients whose families anxiously await their return.

PLEASE HELP US THIS CHRISTMASTIDE FOR THEIR SAKE!

Everywhere in this district there is poverty, hardship and suffering, but very little money.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY, N.7
Send a gift now to the Rt. Hon. SIR PHILIP SASSOON, Bart., M.P., Hon. Treasurer.

warmly welcomed. Not only in Canada, but in the back blocks of Australia, and among our people in East and West Africa, the Society provides opportunities for worship in our own tongue. Funds are especially needed for carrying on and extending the work of the Society in an Empire of growing populations, many communities of which owing to the recent depression are unable to be as self-supporting as in a more thriving past. Gifts will be welcomed by The Secretary, The Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

The Royal Northern Hospital is the largest General Hospital in North London with separate departments for special forms of disease. Its growth from the year it was founded has been continuous, and it is now not one institution, but a group of institutions working in unison and serving large and populous areas of London. Its associates are: The Royal Chest Hospital in the City Road, the "Recovery Branch" at Grovelands Hospital, Old Southgate, and the Reckitt Convalescent Home at Clacton-on-Sea. Also it is amalgamated with the Maternity Nursing Association; and recently it has added to the Royal Northern building the St. David's wing for paying patients. With this growth in extent and service the cost of upkeep has more than kept pace. In recent years it has grown out of all proportion, owing to the rise in salaries and in the price of commodities, and the imperative need for the installation of modern and expensive methods of treatment. To meet this vastly increased expense, the Hospital particularly appeals for an increase in the number of Annual Subscribers to the end that it may be assured a large annual income upon which it can rely. The Hospital's need is as great and urgent as its service is wide and splendid, and it is to be hoped that response to its appeal this Christmas will be such as to put its finances for the current year on a sound basis. Donations should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, N.7.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND.

This Fund with the work for which it was brought into being is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and therefore comes to the public for support with credentials that are unimpeachable. The objects of the Fund are to provide and maintain laboratories devoted to Cancer Research, to encourage research on the subject of cancer throughout the Empire, to assist such research in all approved Hospitals and Institutions and to promote investigation generally. As time has gone on it has been found that even the most scientific observation of cancer is not enough, and in the existing laboratories of the Fund in Queen Square and Mill Hill experimental investigation into the nature and causes of cancer has already been fruitful in discoveries, discoveries which have made cancer treatment continuously more successful. The Fund long ago demonstrated that cancer can be investigated by experimental method, and the record of the thirty years' work of the Fund is one of rapid increase of our knowledge of the disease and consequently of our power over it. Needless to say the solution of the problems that can now be formulated will be of immeasurable value to mankind. The Fund is handicapped in its steady pressure towards this solution, by the inadequacy of the present laboratories for the work to be done. We commend this appeal to our readers. Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, 8-11 Queen's Square, London, W.C.1.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Honorary Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and we **are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Legacies, Subscriptions, and Donations are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer 8-11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

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In the world beyond your own doors, thousands of little ones are suffering wanton cruelty and ignorant neglect at the hands of parents and guardians. Won't you let the N.S.P.C.C. have your help to save them? Last year, this National Society gave life freed from fear to 113,034 children.

N·S·P·C·C

Please send a Christmas gift **to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.**
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

Epics of the Prairies

are to be found in the lives of the clergy in Western Canada.

With meagre reduced salaries, amidst daily anxieties, these men face sacrifice and suffering unflinchingly, for the sake of the extension of the Kingdom of God. Some parishes cover an area of over one thousand square miles.

Such heroes are worthy of all possible assistance from Church people in the homeland.

Will you strengthen their hands by enabling us to send out greatly increased grants-in-aid?

Contributions should be addressed to the Secretary

THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY
9, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

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TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

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The house itself, after living through about 350 Christmases, knows how to play its silent part with perfect effect, and the people who run it are really looking forward to making Christmas as far as possible just what each separate guest likes it to be.

£3.10.0.
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XMAS holidays, or any week-end, Wheatsheaf, Oakley, Chinnor. Good food, good beer, good fires. Pleasing country.

SEAFORD, Sussex, open for Xmas. H. and c. and gas fires in bedrooms, very comfy and happy time assured. Sunshine House. 'Phone 533.

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The possession of professional certificates or their equivalent is essential.

Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than December 16th, 1936. W. M. GIBBONS,
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CORPORATION OF LONDON.
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Candidates must have passed the examination for the Degree of B.A. at one of the Universities of the United Kingdom or its dependencies, or the examination recognised at any of those Universities as equivalent.

The candidate appointed will be required to take up her duties in May, 1937.

The age of candidates must not be under 30 years or over 45 years on 1st May, 1937.

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Town Clerk, Guildhall, E.C.2.

Applications on the prescribed form, together with copies of three testimonials, must reach the Town Clerk's Office not later than noon on Friday, the 1st January, 1937.

ROACH.

NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL invites applications for position of assistant to the Directing Secretary. Major considerations—knowledge of international affairs; experience of the peace movement; organising ability and experience. Salary about £250. Applications with three testimonials to reach NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, before December 22nd.

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	**After October.**	Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM.	**The Desert Song.**	This Sat.
COMEDY.	**To and Fro.**	Tues. & Fri.
DRURY LANE.	**Careless Rapture.**	Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS.	**Murder in the Cathedral.**	W., Th., S.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	**The Astonished Ostrich.**	Dec. 19.
GARRICK.	**Storm in a Teacup.**	Wed., Th., Sat.
GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Wed. & Sats.
KINGSWAY.	**Buckie's Bears.**	Box. D., 2.30, 5.30
LYRIC.	**Charles the King.**	Thurs., Sats.
PALACE.	**This'll Make You Whistle.**	W., S.
PHŒNIX.	**"Hell-for-Leather!"**	Thur., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Jane Eyre.**	Wed., Sat. & Dec. 21.
ROYALTY.	**Marigold.**	Wed., Thurs., Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**O Mistress Mine.**	Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Till the Cows Come Home.**	Tues., Fri. & Boxing Day.
SAVILLE.	**Over She Goes.**	Sats.
SAVOY.	**"Young Madame Conti."**	Tu., Th.
STRAND.	**Aren't Men Beasts!**	Th., Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	**Waste.**	Wed. & Sat.
WHITEHALL.	**Anthony & Anna.**	W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**"Mademoiselle."**	Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. W., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in RODNEY ACKLAND'S play
AFTER OCTOBER.
Over 250 performances.

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. 8.15. This Sat., 2.30.
THE DESERT SONG,
with EDITH DAY and HARRY WELCHMAN.
Last Night, Dec. 12. Xmas Eve, *CINDERELLA.*

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
TO AND FRO. A Revue.
HERMIONE BADDELEY. CYRIL RITCHARD.
VIOLA TREE. ESME PERCY.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-).
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by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
"It is a lovely play—no thinking person can afford to miss it."—*Daily Telegraph.*

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Thurs., 8.15.
Subs., 8.30. Mat., Sat., Dec. 19. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.
Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. W., Th., Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
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OVER 350 PERFORMANCES.

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FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
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MARIGOLD. All Seats Bookable.

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YVONNE PRINTEMPS in
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STANLEY LUPINO in
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Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30
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HULL **Little.**
Mon., Dec. 14th, for 9 days. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Heroes Don't Care. By Margot Neville.

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Spring Tide. By George Bellam & J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evgs., 7.30.
Ah, Wilderness. By Eugene O'Neill.

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